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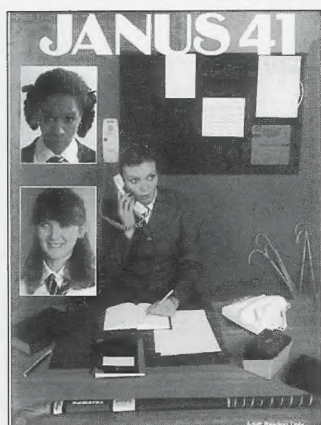


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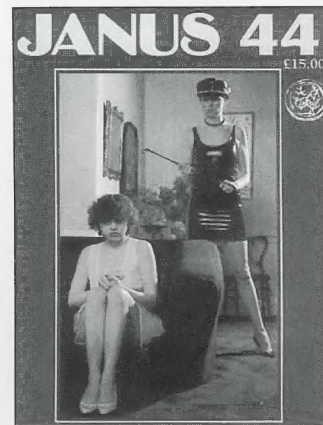
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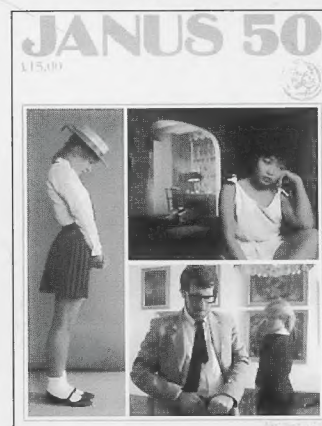
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JANUS

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THE SKIN WAS SO
FLAWLESS IT
ALMOST SEEMED A
PITY NOT TO LEAVE
IT ALONE. ALMOST,
BUT NOT QUITE. THE
FACT WAS, SHE WAS
ITCHING TO BRING
THE PADDLE
WHIPPING DOWN ON
THOSE GENEROUS
CHEEKS.

Extract taken from
Paddling Madeleine Home

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NIGHT VISITOR

photo fantasy



The blonde, black-clad burglar stepped in through the window she had prised open, hammer and torch at the ready. She paused in the silent blackness, heart thudding, then flitted like a shadow across the room.

What Felicity Tarrant had come for lay in a sideboard. She knew because John Banks had told her. He was no longer in her life, but the visual record of their activities together had constantly threatened to be. Videos, privately made, of him punishing her. Films, superbly crafted and edited, of a beautiful woman beaten by a man she could never have.

She had finally tracked him down to where his business had taken him, an international investment brokerage based in Tokyo. 'I left them with a friend for safe-keeping,' Banks had told her, in panic lest the call was overheard. 'In case my wife ever found them. If I tell you where they are, you must promise never to contact me again!'

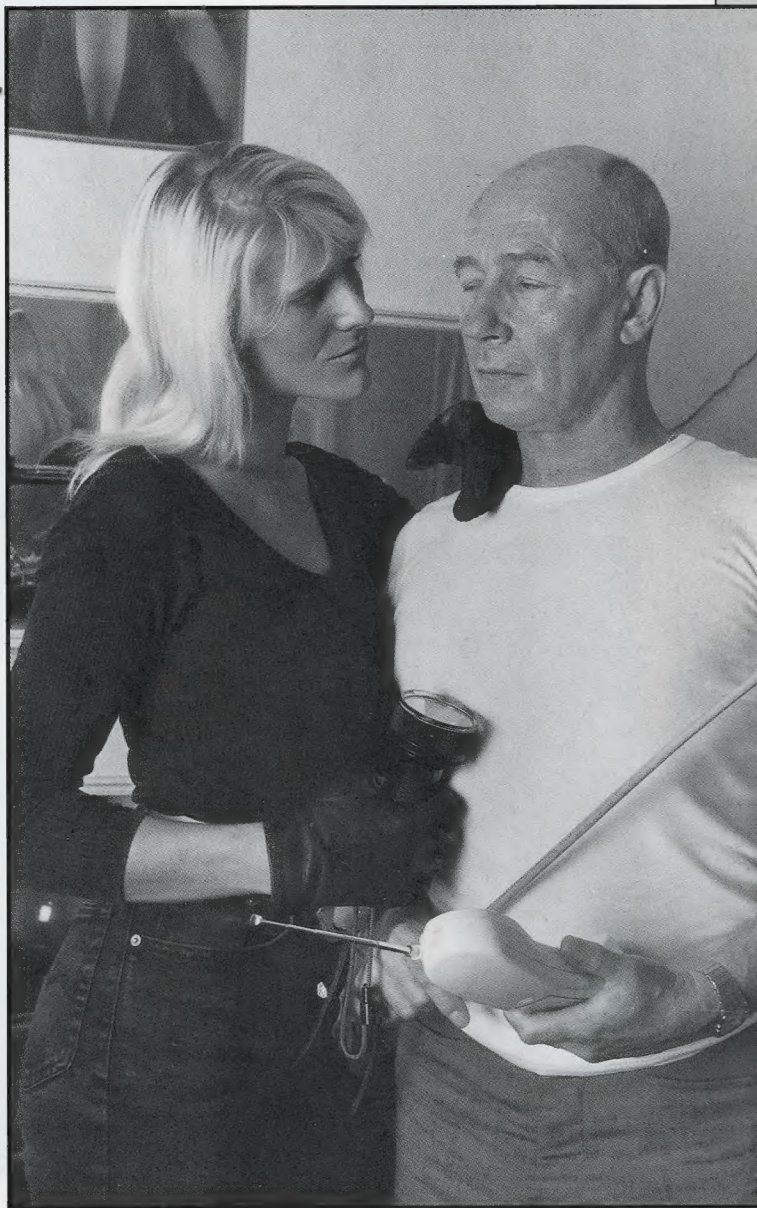
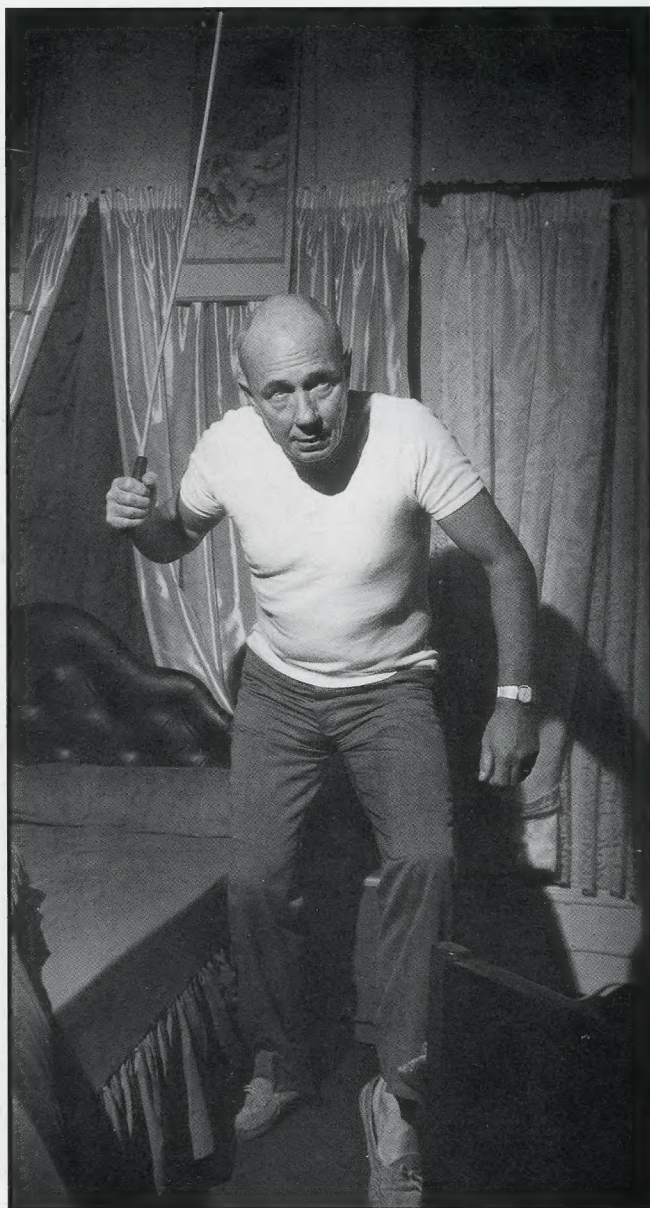
So much for her obsession with this man (vide Janus 74), their passionate secret affair, the erotic thrashings she had endured and delighted in. Felicity

reached the sideboard, paused to listen, then eased open a drawer. Nothing. She looked into another, then another. Nothing! Had she dared her way into a stranger's flat at dead of night to be cheated of her purpose? Dismay and exasperation made her less careful. She wrenched at another drawer. Its contents rattled loudly as it came open.

Tapes. Videos. But were they **the** videos...?

In his bedroom across the hall Charles Willoughby was having a dream of a girl called Louise: blissful bottom, fabulous face. (vide Janus 89) They were playing one of their mind-games: she was being a Georgian hoyden peeling down her small-clothes in readiness for a spanking. A distant clattering made the teasing coquette blink, and she vanished into a night-darkened wall at which he was suddenly blinking.

Damn, he was awake! Why? The only pleasures Charles had these days were in his dreams. He lived alone, his rough-hewn form and countenance belying the yearning for lovely things, for perfect artefacts, fantastic faces, glorious bottoms. Like the one



MAID *for* PUNISHMENT



Connie struggled with the ivory-handled button-hook. The ankle-high side-buttoned boots were unfamiliar to her. She had to hurry, she was late and her Master would be waiting for her. Finished at last, she stood, stamping her feet into the unfamiliar surroundings. She studied her image in the cheval mirror: her cheeks were flushed from bending in the restriction of her new stiff uniform; wisps of her auburn hair had escaped from the lace trimmed mob-cap. She tucked them away; she dabbed at the slight sheen on her upturned nose and upper lip. There was nothing she could do about the voluptuous fullness of her cherry red lips —lover's lips they'd been called. She sighed. However hard she tried she could never quite conceal the spirit of wanton abandon that often got her into trouble. She struggled the starched white apron straight above the stiff black bombazine of her dress. Her new Maid's dress. It was heavy, unyielding and expensive, it rustled as she moved. Under it, the clinging folds of her calico underskirt wrapped about her legs when she walked.

Strangely, primly concealed from head to toe, she was more acutely aware of her body than when in her normal attire. She plumped the skirt in the mirror, felt the glow of pride. None of her friends were ever likely to wear anything like it. It might be a servant's uniform but it was still expensive. She gave a little twirl. The grey of her lisle stockings flashed. She wore no other undergarments, no knickers, only the Picadilly Whores wore those to excite their customers, not modestly reared country girls, decent girls. She heard a clock chime in the house, Lawkes, she was late. First day and late. She ran.



Nervously she tapped on the door and entered. Slanting sunbeams streamed through the window, highlighting the elegance of the gentle-

man sitting in his leather button-backed chair. He was reading from a morocco-bound volume. It amused him to ignore the nervously waiting Connie. Only a few years older than her, his air of confident disdain bespoke the difference in their respective stations in life. She scuffed her feet in growing trepidation. He pretended to read, making sport of a wretched serving girl. He took in the detail of her dress, noting the subtle compliment it paid to the young body beneath it. He felt the expense of attiring her had been worth it, he liked pretty things around him. Tiring of his pretence he closed his book and looked up, drawing a pocket watch from his waist-coat. He looked at the time and made a pantomime of his displeasure. He stood, every inch the Edwardian Gentleman in his long dove grey coat and tight trousers. When he spoke he sounded the domestic tyrant Connie suspected he really was.

'Bad start my girl, bad start, this won't do. I'll not have your slovenly ways here, I told you I'd give you good clothes, good food and reasonable pay but by George you'll damn well dance to my tune if you want to stay.' The voice was patrician, the tone patronising and the words insulting. Connie seethed, but knew better than to let him see it. She hung her head, her face blank as he continued.

'Understand me girl, I'm Master in this house and I expect obedience from my servants. You'll obey my orders or suffer the consequences.' He pushed his face close to hers and saw her blanch. He smiled. At almost six feet four inches, he topped her by a foot, she had to look up at him. He liked that. He put a finger under her chin, tilted her head further back. 'Do I frighten you?' he asked in a soft purr.

Bravely, dishonestly, Connie shook her head. 'No Sir. Of course not Sir.'

He smiled disarmingly and then snapped his face close into hers. She started back with a cry of alarm. He towered over her laughing. 'I think I

by
**Michael
Johns**

do, just a tiny bit, but you don't know me yet. When you know me better, I promise you, you will fear me more.' He seemed pleased at the idea. He walked around her, talking. 'I want you to have no illusions, nor false hopes, I know you have come here as an untrained, unbroken country filly, pretty enough but wayward. Well, I'm your Master now and you'll acknowledge me as such. I will train you and break you into my ways.' He began to walk away from her.

In a tremulous voice she said, 'I'll learn Sir, and quick, I've always been a quick study.'

He turned on her, openly grinning. 'For your own sake Girl, you'd better be. As Dr. Arnold of Rugby said, "What I can't force into one end with reason I'll beat into the other with a stick".' She shivered under the cold eye as he frankly appraised her. 'Please don't be too good though, you've a pretty arse and I'll enjoy thrashing it.' Connie gasped, no gentleman should ever talk like that, not even to a servant. The import of his words made her flush. She raked up her courage, 'Sir, I don't think you should say such things to me, even if I am your servant, it's not proper, not decent.'

Her brief spurt of courage drained away as he looked at her in silence, then revived as he nodded. 'You are right Connie, absolutely right. No gentleman should talk about enjoying the prospect of whipping a girl's pretty bottom.' She felt relief but it was short lived. In a mocking tone, he continued, 'However, Girl, I have never promised to be a gentleman as far as you are concerned, have I?' She shook her head mutely, of course he hadn't. 'And you don't expect me to treat you like a lady do you?' The tone was contemptuous.

Her head drooped, 'No Sir.'

'So, as Master here, I make the rules. How do I enforce them on you if you break them?' She drew a long sighing breath, wishing she had never tried to confront him. He was poised, assured and educated. She had no chance, her resistance crumbled.

'You punish me, Sir,' she mumbled. Like a hungry dog he seized



*'Kiss it
Connie,
kiss the
cane that
might soon
kiss you.'*

upon her words.

'Ah punishment, thank you for conceding me the authority to run my own house.' He gave her an ironic bow. 'Yes, I will punish you, I will punish you on that pretty bottom you don't like me to talk about and I assure you, I will enjoy doing it. My pleasure will be in direct proportion to your discomfort. It is only fair to tell you that I took you as an untrained novice into my service largely for the pleasure to be got from correcting you. It is a game I like to play, I make the rules. If you stay, you obey them and accept my penalties, agreed?'

Connie put a hand to her face to hide a quick smile. Behind the bluster of his awful threats had been a plea for her willing submission to his authority. Behind the adopted mask of tyrant he had allowed the real man to show through. There had been the tacit admission that any penalty he imposed on her could only be acted upon with her co-operation. She doubted it would lessen the pain she would experience but the sense of having some control would help her bear it. The relish he displayed in talking of punishment left her in little doubt that he would seek every opportunity to quite literally bend her to his will. She did not imagine he would long delay his pleasure.



Her duties commenced immediately and so did her tribulations. Instructed to set a fire in the grate, she didn't realise it had not been used for along time. When she lit it, smoke billowed into the room; the flue was blocked with old newspapers. She had to dismantle the fire, remove the blockage and re-lay the fire. In the process her hands, face and starched white apron were thoroughly engrimed. She was sent to wash and change. His twisted smile boded ill. She returned with a tray of tea he had ordered. Handing him a

cup she noted with dismay a floating smut in the saucer. She went to wipe it off as he took it. Whether by design or accident she couldn't be sure but he fumbled the transfer. The cup crashed to the floor, spilling its contents. Fortunately, a discarded newspaper absorbed most of the spillage, but once more she found herself on her knees at his feet. He seemed to enjoy the picture she presented, he was smiling. Her spirits began to lift. She was instructed to bring in the oil lamp and light it. It was big, brass and very heavy and it had been freshly filled. She carried it with shaking hands and placed it on a rosewood table. She saw with horror some of the excess oil run down on the table, it would mean hours of polishing to bring back that glowing sheen and she knew who would be doing it.

Tremulously she apologised.

'Sorry Sir, I'm not used to lamps like that.'

He gave every evidence of great humour and said, 'I expect you to be a little clumsy, you will be trained out of it I assure you.' She lit the lamp with a long taper from the fire and set the great glass globe in its place. Warm yellow light flooded the room. With a blythe heart she collected up the tea things and carried the loaded tray to the door. Here calamity claimed her once again as its victim. In trying to close the door behind her it caught the edge of the tray. Her hand slipped and the contents went crashing to the floor. Once more on her knees, she looked up at her Master with a stricken face. Fear knotted her inside as his mocking voice said, 'Well, Pretty Girl, it looks as though you have just earned your first painful lesson, I believe I shall consider half a tea-service well sacrificed for the entertainment you are about to provide for me.' Connie had no doubts of his intentions. Hot salty tears began to roll down her blushing cheeks. Impatiently he snapped, 'Let's have none of that now, save the waterworks for when I thrash you,

then you'll have good cause to turn the taps on I promise you.' He turned away. 'Get that mess cleaned up quickly and come in here,' he commanded brusquely.

Poor Connie, her eyes wide with fright, watched as her smiling Master slowly removed his elegant high-collared coat and waistcoat. Her spirits continued to plummet as she saw him undo his gold cuff-links and roll up his shirt sleeves. He directed her to go down on her knees, pointing her at the wet patch where she had mopped up the tea, to add weight to the point he was making. She sank down defiantly keeping her shoulders pulled tight back and upright, trying to conceal the fear that gnawed at her. He flashed her a look of real exasperation and raised his voice for the first time.

'No, you stupid girl, not like that, I don't want to look at your face, I'm already getting tired of that. Hands and knees, girl, it's your arse I'm interested in now, put your nose on the carpet and stick that lovely bum of yours in the air, ah yes, that's better.'

Connie did as instructed, her face burned with shame at her enforced debasement and the coarseness of his words.

He bent at a cupboard; as he rose, she saw a thin wicked yellow cane in his hand. He swished it above her head. The whirring rip of it made Connie shudder. She gritted her teeth as he laughed.

He sat in the chair. 'Lift your head Connie, look at me while I talk to you.' She made to rise on her haunches. 'Your head Connie, I said your head, keep your hands on the floor, damn you.' He gave her a long considering look, she quailed under the cold eyes. 'What am I about to do to you Connie?' he questioned, his voice had reverted to his usual lightly bantering tone. Connie shook her head, her mop-cap had slipped. Her pose, the slanted cap, gave her a rakish look, he liked it, his face softened.

His face, not his heart.

'Don't know Sir,' she said.

Gently he said, 'Oh Connie I think you do, I really think you do. We both have good reason to know you are clumsy but I should hate to think you were stupid as well. Are you stupid Connie?' She began to lower her head. 'Keep your head up, keep looking at me,' he snapped. 'Answer me properly Girl.'

She watched him smile as she said quietly, 'You are going to punish me.'

He leaned back in his chair with a small sigh. 'Do you deserve to be punished Connie? Let's think about it: this is your first day as my maid,' he began to tick things off on his fingers. 'So far you were nearly seven minutes late, then you do your best to smoke me out of my sitting room, get a brand new apron — on only minutes — filthy, try to throw a cup of scalding tea over me,' Connie tried to protest at this travesty, he ignored her, continuing, 'Ruin the surface of a valuable table and finally smash some of my best china. Quite a record young lady in, let's see,' he consulted his watch, 'just over three and a half hours.' He put the watch away, still languid and elegant, then spun quivering, his face a mask of anger. 'What the hell is going to happen here in a week, young lady, are you going to destroy me or my house first? Keep your head up.' She jerked her drooping head back. Hearing the litany of her misdemeanours extolled like that shamed her. She had so wanted to do well. She had visions of being sent packing, definitely without reference. The unuttered threat was more potent than the promise of the cane.

'Oh Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. I'll try harder, Sir,' she wailed, hating the sound of supplication. He walked around her, her head swung to follow his progress. His silence unnerved her. 'I know I deserve to be punished, Sir.' Anything to break the terrifying silence. He stood over her.

'Plead with me a little more,

*'Cane my
arse hard
Sir, very
hard.'
Two large
tears
welled in
her eyes,
rolled
down her
ashen
cheeks.*



Connie, make me believe you want to be punished.' He waved the stick in front of her turned up nose. 'If you ask me very nicely, I might consent to use this.' He touched her face with the cane and hissed, 'kiss it Connie, kiss the cane that might soon kiss you.' He guided the tip to her mouth, her lips parted, he slowly inserted it, her lips closed around it. Their eyes were locked. He moved the cane backwards and forward within her mouth, then pulled it out with a faint plop. He had a look of dreamy expectation. She lifted a hand to wipe her lips, he rapped her hand away. 'Nose on the floor again, Connie,' she abased herself again. 'Ask me Connie, ask me to use the cane on your so convenient rump.' She felt the cane tapping at her through the thick folds of her skirt.

'Please Sir, cane me Sir, I've said I deserve it, I'll do whatever you say, Sir.'

He looked pleased, seemed to come to vibrant life. 'Yes Connie, I'll cane you, just tell me where?'

Despairing, she cried out, 'Cane my arse Sir.'

'How hard should I cane your arse Connie?' The poor girl was becoming frantic, not content with her submission he wanted her willing participation in her own punishment. Her head was swinging from side to side in her confusion. She tilted her chin to look up at him.

'Cane my arse hard Sir, very hard.' Two large tears welled in her eyes, rolled down her ashen cheeks. She could hardly believe what she had just heard her own voice say. She felt an odd relief flow through her. The pain of the cane would come as a relief after this. He knelt, wiped the tears away with a surprisingly gentle finger. His voice was almost a whisper, 'No, pretty Girl, save them, no tears yet, I'll give you plenty of cause to open the floodgates in a moment, tell me I must cane you hard enough to make you cry.' She felt a brief spurt of rage, the contrast between his gentle fingers and the horror of his words made her almost hate him, hate the way he was manipulating her.

Even as the thought went through

her mind she heard herself snivel. 'Make me cry, Sir. Please make me cry.' The plea hung in the air between them.

He smiled. So did she. This part of the torment was over, the next part defined, accepted and promised. Now it had to be implemented. His smile grew broader, he began to laugh. Connie could not stop herself laughing as well. 'Oh Connie, I am going to so enjoy thrashing you,' he gasped happily. Connie still laughed. The difference in their roles was forgotten for a moment, they both looked down the slope they were poised upon. So far, it had all been words and play-acting. It was about to become real. The pain and the tears, the stripes and the bruises together with the strange dark pleasure that both were aware of. All that would be very real. They could step back from the edge. Now or never. It was Connie who pushed them over. Set them back in their allotted roles of Domestic Tyrant and Wayward Maid. The play would reach it's destined finale.

'How do you want me, Sir?'

Once more the imperious Master, he directed her to climb on to his heavy button-backed leather chair. With firm hands he placed one knee on each arm. She gave a small gasp as he swept up her skirts and made her fold over the back of the chair, keeping her garments pinned down by her own weight. Her cap fell off and her rich tresses fell about her shoulders in glorious disarray. He stepped back. His future occupation of his favourite chair would evermore carry this image. Against the rich brown leather her grey gartered legs stood out, the white flesh of her plump thighs merged into the swelling broad expanse of her soft backside. Bent forward, legs split, poor Connie was left with no secrets, no dignity, only the shame of her exposure and the knowledge of impending pain. Her bottom cheeks twitched.

'Would you like me to warm you up a little first Connie?' The poor girl could scarce prevent herself from giggling. He made the offer as though it were a choice of cakes at a tea-party. Only the tremble in his voice told her

how much it formed part of his secret desire. She was tempted to deny him part of his awful enjoyment. The thought arose that if he dissipated some of his energy through the palm of his hand there would be less to spare for the cane. She nodded, unable to speak. She shuddered as his hands began to pat and pinch at her so-exposed bottom, her cheeks at the other end flamed red . . .

He leaned over, 'Come on, Connie, don't pretend you've never been made to kiss the carpet over a man's lap, I'll bet half the callouses in the parish have been raised on your rump. Connie was forced to acknowledge the truth of that. Her bum had always attracted the stern attention of male palms. Gradually, she had found it could bring her advantages, as her experience grew, so her resistance diminished. Her favours, though, had been restricted, no matter how much excitement she could feel under her belly, that was where it stayed. She had become quite expert in the way she wriggled to reduce the man who spanked her to red faced, gasping state of embarrassed satisfaction.

It was therefore a familiar routine for her as her Master began to apply his palm firmly into the soft mounds of her bum. He was slowly and methodically, making complimentary comments about the way her arse shivered and shook under his attack between his happy sighs. The room filled with the slapping sounds of his palm in her bouncing bottom. It turned pink, then red, then to a pulsing scarlet. It became drumskin taut and very hot. Poor Connie began to groan through gritted teeth, her backside waving in the air like two glowing beacons. The pain began to intensify, she felt a sense of relief when he stopped, but it was not the end. He had simply run out of untrammelled flesh. The whole surface of both her cheeks was covered by the imprint of his palm. The pale divide between the reddened globes drew obscene attention to her private parts. He rolled down her garters and began to spank the tender flesh of her thighs. Her pose gave his slapping hand access not only to the backs but also to the soft inner surfaces. She began

to howl. It seemed to go on for a long time.

When he picked up the cane she almost welcomed the change in the character of the pain he induced in her. He caned her very hard and very slowly. It became something of a contest almost. Often she slipped, her writhings taking her knees from arms now slippery from her sweat. She begged and pleaded with him, 'Oh Sir. Not so hard Sir, please,' and 'Please Sir, I can't take anymore, I'll be good, I promise Sir, only PLEASE STOP SIR,' or 'Oh Heavens, that hurts so much Sir, you're KILLING ME.' Her pleas like the cries of pain were music to his ears. Despite them, he noted without command or assistance, she placed herself back in position, sometimes giving him a enigmatic look over her shoulders as she waited on him.

Until he caned her thighs. Quick successive strokes on either thigh had her leaping and rolling on the floor.

He stood above her, legs apart. On hands and knees she looked up, crawled close and drew her skirts high, put her nose between his feet. Twice the cane flashed down the crown and long length of her thigh on either side. She collapsed in a sobbing heap. He joined her. He comforted her in the way that comes naturally to any man who has just caned a pretty girl. She shrieked louder and louder than under the cane. TWICE.



About to consider a third engagement Connie looked up. 'I'd better take the dress off, remember what the Hire Shop said about the stains on the last one and this is due back tomorrow.' Her "Master" cursed.

'Oh come on Connie, keep it a couple of days more, this is the best game yet.'

She stroked his brow, kissed him. 'If we keep it you'll have to treat me very gently, not like this.' She put a hand to her tender rump.

'Oh Connie, gently does it, that's a promise.' She settled into his arms with a sigh, but didn't believe him. Gently was a promise he never kept. Still, that was tomorrow. ●

in those videos he had promised John he would hide away in a drawer for him and never look at. Till curiosity had finally got the better of him, and ...

Charles gasped, and sprang from bed, heart pounding. Someone was in the lounge! Tremble-handed he dragged on his trousers and grabbed the first weapon that came to hand. He was halfway across the hall, in dread of who he might find rifling through his belongings, before he realised that he was brandishing the cane he kept, in doomed wish-fulfilment, beside the bed.

Sadly, that cane was little more than a dream-prop. How often had he applied it passionately to a shapely female bottom — but only in his mind. How often had it cracked pistol-loud across the erotic posterior of the blonde-haired beauty that lucky, wife-cheating charmer John Banks had punished so soundly in full sound and colour on his television screen! No man should live like Charles Willoughby did, in a constant state of brain-crazing desire that could never be fulfilled.

He seized the cordless phone as he stumbled in panic towards the lounge door. Police ... call the police ... A shocked hiss of breath from the lounge, a clatter and crash of an intruder disturbed! Charles Willoughby sprang into the room and switched on the light.

Both yelled in terror. In the very act of swiping out at a possibly dangerous assailant, Charles's arm froze. She was tall, around five-ten, hair long and fair, black-sheathed figure curvily slim, face contorted with alarm.

'I'm calling the police, right now!' His finger shakily stabbed at the '9' button.

'No!' Now she had been caught, Felicity felt an overwhelming sense of guilt and foolishness. 'Please don't ... I-I can explain.'

Charles paused. The young woman's husky, well-spoken tones were much at variance with his conception of how an opportunist burglar might speak. 'Explain what, exactly?' he managed to say. 'Why you break into my flat to rob me? This had better be good.'

She sidled closer to him. 'It wasn't your possessions I came for'

'What, then?'

Felicity eyed the man warily. Had he watched the videos she had come for, the ones John Banks had left in his care? She had a terror that he might have had them copied, was selling them to all-comers, could expose her to the press, create such a humiliating scandal that her father's business empire might suffer from the publicity. She must get them back.

'Do you, er, recognise me at all?' she faltered.

Charles Willoughby peered at her. He'd had a bad fright and was in no mood for tricks. The young woman's finely-sculptured face, half in shadow, did seem vaguely familiar, but ... 'No way!' he expostulated. 'I'm not falling for your sly little ruses, whoever you are. You can explain it to the police.' He reached for the phone again.

'Please!' Desperate measures were called for. Felicity undid the belt of her black jeans and pushed them down over her hips. The man gaped, and stepped behind her, goggling at the pneumatic

**CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CHARLES
SWUNG THE CANE IN REGULAR
RHYTHM, CLEAR-EYED AND EXHILA-
RATED, SEEING THE RUBY TRACKS
APPEARING ON THE CURVES OF
THAT LITERALLY
FANTASTIC BOTTOM.**





**SHE ARCHED HER SPINE
INWARDS, STRETCHING
CATLIKE, RAISING HER HIPS
AND SHIFTING HER KNEES APART.
AGAIN CAME THE SPURTY
THRILLINGS SHE USED TO FEEL
WITH JOHN.**

rounds of an exquisitely unmistakable bottom.

That bottom.

'My God,' he breathed, 'I know you now.' Felicity stepped out of the jeans and cast them aside. He was still staring at her there, like a man who sees a vision materialise. 'Your face I wasn't sure about, but that arse I'd know anywhere!'

'Now do you want to call the police?'

A multitude of sensations teemed in Charles Willoughby, and he was surprised to find that a cold, controlled anger was the first to surface. His voice deepened and strengthened as his self-possession reasserted itself.

'No, young lady,' he found himself saying. 'I won't call the police. But you have had the audacity to break into my flat, for whatever nefarious purpose, and expect to get off with it scot-free. Well, I can assure you that you won't.' He realised he was still gripping the cane. Now he raised it.

'Bend over!'

Felicity blinked at him. 'What?'

'Legs straight, hands on that table-top. Now! My God, I'll make you pay for this outrageous intrusion!'

Her mind in a whirl, she found herself bending forward at the waist with the palms of her hands resting on a low coffee-table. The man was quivering, shivering; she could hear the cane hiss and whisper in that air-displacing voice she remembered so well from times with John. Her buttocks felt horribly vulnerable, bared to the man's feverish sight in the lamplight of the night-time lounge.

For several moments Charles allowed his gaze to roam the gleaming globes over which he had, in fantasy, from a played-back videotape, yearned so many times in his loneliness and unfulfilment. Now those self-same buttocks were plumply, pertly, preposterously presented to him to thrash at will, for his nocturnal visitor's bending before him at his command was proof of her acquiescence.

The first stroke of the cane caught Felicity full across the meat of her buttocks and drove her forward with a gasp as hot pain streaked through her.

Whop! Another struck in, lower, etching a track of fire across her bottom. She tried to switch off her mind, but even as a third hard cane-stroke smote home she was fleetingly with John again, in their secret rendezvous, sprawled in oh-so-willing abasement while his cane flew through the air and flamed across her bottom again and again.

Three more strong, measured strokes whipped nippily in, wrenching grimaces from Felicity Tarrant, causing her head to flop down and a strangled cry to escape her throat.

'Please ... no ... it's too hard.'

'I'll give you hard, my girl,' came a voice that wasn't John's, and she was back here, bent over before a stranger, being beaten like a criminal.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Charles swung the cane in regular rhythm, clear-eyed and exhilarated, seeing the ruby tracks appearing on the curves of that literally fantastic bottom.

Whop! I am a criminal, said a voice inside Felicity's head as another stroke seared the crown of her rumps. This is justice being done, not a prelude to pleasures previously unimagined ...

Thwack! CRACK!



She trampled her feet on the carpet, imagining sparks scattering from her bottom like the fiery shower from a welder's torch. She shook her hips from side to side, too possessed by the sheer pain to consider the erotic display she was producing for her tormentor.

'Stand still, you deserve every stroke!' For breaking into his flat and giving him a scare in the bleak small hours? No: for being so graceful, brave, beautiful and unattainable; for driving him close to madness with the videoed images of her divine arse, now so ripe and round and real and his to punish just as John Banks had so often done in his much-envied liaison with this woman.

Whop. The twelfth stroke struck home, biting deeply into the waiting flesh and almost toppling her. She gave a little shriek, a plea, drummed her feet on the floor, screwed up her features as if in orgasmic throes, then let out a long hissing breath.

'Bare it now. Completely. I want to see it in all its perfection.'

Felicity blinked round at him, eyes wet but tearless. 'All its perfection'? What kind of man was this? At first she had thought him something of a roughneck, yet his voice, and the intensity of his words, were those of a sensitive aesthete with an extraordinary soulful yearning in eyes shrunken from scanning endless horizons.



She reached between her legs and unclipped the leotard, pulling it up clear of her lower body. 'Have a good look,' she said, sensing that rape and abuse were not in his nature. A thrill of attraction came and went. This was a gentle man, she thought — even though her backside already throbbed and burned from his vigorous attentions. 'Then can I go?'

'Don't think you're getting off that easily,' he snapped. 'Kneel on the floor there.'

Felicity paused a moment, then sank to her knees and rocked forward so that her hands bore down on the table-top. 'And push that divine arse OUT, I want to see it in all its glory before I give it the caning of its life!'

She arched her spine inwards, stretching catlike, raising her hips and shifting her knees apart. Again came the spurty thrillings she used to feel with John. Mentally she tried to douse them, yet knew that her buttocks were open, straining backwards as if to coax the cane towards them, her puckered anus and pouting sex-lips wantonly displayed...

Charles Willoughby tapped the naked, thrust-out dream-rumps with the cane, swung back and swept the implement down. When it struck, sank in and flung away as though propelled by its collision with those well-sprung buttocks, she gave a groan and reached a frantic hand behind her to clutch and rub where the cane had hit, gasping for breath.

'Get back into position,' he growled.

'Please... not so hard.'

'You're being punished, young woman, because you've done wrong and bloody well deserve it. Now



**FELICITY'S HIPS JERKED AND
HER BOTTOM JUTTED AS SHE
STRAINED IT BACKWARDS,
TAKING INTO ITSELF THE LIVID
STRIPES OF SCREAMING PAIN AS
HE GASPED AND GRUNTED LIKE
A MALE IN RUT.**



Simon &

THE LIONESSE THEATRE COMPANY

Simon Langstaff knocked the last tack into the top of the wooden-framed glass door so that a brightly coloured Greek wall cloth covered the large frosted panel. He stood back and nodded with satisfaction.

'You wouldn't want the Festival performers thinking you're some sort of leech, spying on them in their undies,' he advised himself sensibly.

Bachelor Simon was not from Edinburgh originally, but from Kirkcaldy. He had split up some years ago with an Edinburgh girl; the less said about that the better but now he was in his mid-thirties the lack of someone to cuddle in bed could get him down.

Simon had the jet black hair of his family, though his temples and increasingly a spot on top of his head were becoming denuded of hair. (Girls had it better on that one, he thought). He was a good five foot six inches in height, though, with a solid build that he kept in shape at the local swimming pool which had recently opened. His complexion was fair and his clothes were, at least in intention, simple but fashionable. He had recently bought a patterned waistcoat to look sharp, and had not yet gone off the look. He occasionally lectured on Economics. It kept the wolf from the

door, but forays abroad like a Greek holiday were few and far between. Money was the reason he was renting out the room for the Festival.

BUZZ! He'd just got the room ready in time, thought Simon, answering the entry-phone.

'Hi! This is the Lioness Theatre Company,' said the voice of a woman with a London accent.

'Come on up!' said Simon brightly, and pressed the door switch.

Sarah Hearnshaw greeted Simon with a handshake and a little grimace as she strained at her large nylon backpack. At 27, she was oldest of the three theatrical wannabes, and sweat-soaked from the walk from Waverley Station. Haughtily, she led the others in to the room Simon indicated. 'So this is the room,' she said, walking over to the bed and taking off her backpack with a series of jerky feminine wiggles. Her thick blonde hair was short and wavy, falling into chunky locks around her head. She wore a tight yellow T-shirt which exposed two or three inches of sun-tanned bare midriff. Below that a woven leather belt held up a size large

pair of tight riding jodhpurs in a lioness shade, a good deal lighter than her well-tanned back. Her bottom was full, broad and deep, somewhat pear-shaped and very appealing to a man of Simon's tastes. Further down still were two knee-length leather boots with two-inch heels.

Simon realised that his extended visual examinations of Sarah was the subject of much female amusement, and turned to take in the other two girls now giggling on the recently erected pine beds. 'This is Jazeen and Jennifer.'

Jennifer Endsleigh lying with her feet on her large bag and her hands stretched behind her head. Her gaze was fixed on Simon's bottom, and when he turned round she allowed it to remain there for perhaps a second, before looking up to meet his eyes with a slightly roguish expression. A course on Lighting Studies had won her the post of Lighting Director with the Lioness Theatre Company, although it had also got her a student loan in sore need of repayment. Where there was a will there was a way though, she thought.

Jennifer — Jen for short — had taken some care with her appearance that morning. Her long straight auburn hair was tied in a ponytail

by Walter Larie



which she casually flicked over her cheeks in a vain effort to keep the heat off her damp face. She too raised her eyes from the sight of a male bottom encased in well-fitting stonewashed trousers and she knew Simon had seen the direction of her gaze. It was silly to be embarrassed though. After all, Jazeen had also seen the way he was looking at Sarah. Her blue denim jacket was open to reveal a generous chest emphasised by a black low cut T-shirt with "92" printed on it. Her flared cord trousers were tight over her thighs and when she turned over onto her tummy they were no less snug on her rear. A bottom of such firm and high twin-applied perfection was the result of no small appliance on the exercise equipment at a women's health centre. It was a source of a great pride to her, as was the gap between her thighs you could waggle a stick in. Below that, her legs were long and curved, with muscles that accentuated their femininity without looking over-developed.

The third girl, Jazeen Benzeer, was not a Director like Sarah, or even in charge of lighting like Jennifer, and she was the youngest of the three by almost two years, being only 19. Still she had an Equity card. Admittedly, her stage experience was as a stripper in private gentleman's clubs in the north of England, but that did not matter. After this show, she would be able to call herself a professional actress without blushing. She was an innovative performer: the first girl to strip to Bhangra, and her Eastern costumes, finger cymbals and Eastern belly-dancing to the hybrid music sent men wild with desire. She could see it in their faces, from young guys in their twenties to conservative gents more than twice her age: they loved her. You could tell about men from the way they looked at a girl. That Mr Langstaff, for example, had eyed Sarah and Jennifer in a way that said "bum man" through and through.

Jazeen was kitted out in a slinky tiger-pattern lycra and cotton dress, split at the sides, to expose her strong bare legs ending in black sandals with three-inch heels. Her toe-nails and fingers were painted red. Her long Asian black curls cascaded down her back, with a careless fringe and ringlets of hair in front of her ears, on which she wore chunky earrings. Her nose was pierced with a little gem decoration and her face, with its retroussee nose, was lightly made up with mascara and bright red lipstick.

Their landlord was speaking. 'Yes. And the last thing is keys of course,' he said, producing a freshly-cut set

for each girl. 'So, if there's any problems with the room, just ask me.' he said by way of conclusion, moving towards the door.

Feeling randy with the summer heat, Jazeen decided to take the initiative man-wise.

'Well, Simon,' she drawled, 'could you help me put my bag on that shelf?'

Before he could move, Jazeen took hold of her bag and started to climb onto a big rocking chair below the shelf. 'Just hold the back of the chair,' she said, and Simon complied. As Jazeen had foreseen, Simon now stood, legs apart, gripping the backrest and stabilising it with his knees. As he stood transfixed, with a well-rounded teenage bottom a foot from his face, the horizontal tiger pattern of Jazeen's dress reminded him of cane marks, and the outline of full cotton panties were plainly visible.

'Jazeen! You'll fall!' Sarah was concerned that the leading actress of "her" play, as she thought of it, might be about to injure herself in a silly attention-grabbing prank. 'Quick, Jen! Help him stay steady.' Simon soon felt the presence of blonde Sarah on his left arm and auburn Jennifer on his right.

'Oh! Don't worry,' said Jazeen, stepping back on the rocking chair and placing her legs further apart. Her bottom, full and deep, was now just six inches from Simon's face, and a smell of female walking sweat and perfume from her intimate crack filled his nostrils. The intimacy of the situation was not lost on Jazeen, who was keen to make the moment last.

'That reminds me,' said the Asian temptress, 'I need a fresh pair of knickers, these are soaking after that walk!' With that, she unzipped her bag and began to rummage. The mention of the word "knickers" made Simon blush visibly and he suddenly began to feel like he had a rocket in his trousers. He trembled slightly, alarming Sarah and making her put her foot down on the front left rocker.

The effect on Jazeen was drastic. Flailing her arms and jerking her buttocks backwards for balance, she found support only on Simon's reddened face and she placed her full weight on it. Not one to shirk duty, Simon kept staring straight ahead, as his nose dug into the crack of Jazeen's womanly arse, stretching the tiger fabric. As the pressure increased, he forgot shame and buried his cheek gladly in the proffered bum crack, feeling the warmth of each big cheek and opening his mouth to take the skirt fabric firmly between his teeth.

'Let go of the chair, Simon!' snapped Sarah. Simon obeyed, clasping Jazeen's bare knees but failing,

with her weight on his face, to retain his balance. The two tumbled back onto the mattress of Jazeen's pine bed. Her weight landed on her right haunch rather than full on Simon, and as she bounced up again, her left leg crossed his chest going left, and pinning his face firmly in the cleft of her seat and mischief-making stripteaser's rump.

'You daft vamp!' said auburn Jennifer, as she looked at Jazeen holding Simon in a face lock. 'If there's more trouble with you, I'm off this play. You'd just better keep to the work at hand, that's all I can say.'

'She's quite right,' said Sarah, looking down at Jazeen: 'In fact, she's so right I'm going to give you a lesson in theatre discipline.' With that, she went across to her backpack and soon came returned with a black leather-bound, two-feet riding crop, the handle in her right hand and a leather loop on the other end. Jennifer and Jazeen's eyes widened with surprise, then with a hint of fun as Sarah's meaning dawned on them.

'Right!' Sarah continued, her age giving her an air of authority, 'Any more trouble from either of you and you'll feel the sharp end of this on your posing posteriors!' Sarah was not normally a devotee of the lash and would not usually have made such a suggestion to fellow performers. Indeed, it was only a chance meeting of a certain well-known London theatre director with a much-gossiped about penchant for experiencing "riding discipline" with girls keen on a dramatic career that had persuaded her to don riding gear in the first place. The continual backchat from the two younger girls on the train however, had vexed her all day, and this was the last straw.

'That's not fair!' said Jennifer, rubbing her hands over the corded bottom in mental preparation, 'What have I done? And anyway, there's no way I'm going to be beaten by another girl.'

'And nor am I,' piped up Jazeen. The very idea of being beaten by either of the other two would have injured her hard-won sense of dignity.

'There you are then,' said Jen, her eyes flashing at Sarah, 'you can't do anything if we don't agree. I'm not against physical discipline,' she continued conciliatingly, 'but one of us can't boss the others about like that.'

'Yes!' piped up Jazeen, 'I know I need to be kept in line, and that's as good as anything, but not with you as big boss all the time.'

Sarah felt control slipping away. Then an idea occurred. 'The answer to that, Jazeen, is under your big bottom.' With a start, the girls remembered they were not alone. Jazeen scissored her heavy legs, and from the crack of her bottom appeared a smiling, blushing

Simon, fresh from an unexpected facial massage. He was not slow to seize the moment.

'Girls, girls,' he said, 'I understand your problem, and I'd be only too happy to oblige. Let's agree, if two of you complain about the third, you can call on me and I'll discipline the miscreant's bottom over that rocking chair — in the presence of the other two, of course. Stand up Jazeen!' She stood up: 'Now shall we hold hands and agree that the Lionesses have chosen their Lion. Agreed?'

'Agreed!' said Sarah, surprised at her own keenness.

'Agreed!' said Jen and Jazeen together.

'Now repeat after me,' went on Simon 'All for one and one for all, but two on one'll give Simon a call!'

A chorus of girl's voices repeated the chorus worthy of Shakespeare himself.

What a nice image, thought Sarah: the Lionesses have chosen their Lion. It'll take such a weight of leadership off my mind and let me concentrate on the show.

Just wait till I have a word with Sarah about you Jazeen, thought Jennifer, you think you were so smart wiggling that bottom for businessmen while I was still at university, but we'll soon have you smarting!

Oo-er, what a fella, thought Jazeen, and I was right, a "bum-man" through and through.

Three days later, Simon sat on his bedroom armchair reading an Economics book and reflecting on the first day's events, when he was startled by a knock on the door.

'Come in!' he said. It was Jennifer Endsleigh. 'Don't be shy,' he encouraged her and she entered clad only in matching black bra and knickers.

'We've had a discipline problem, Simon,' she said, somewhat lasciviously, her eyes peering at his bare polo-shirted arms with their swimmer's biceps. She stood with her legs together, yet, Simon noticed, there was still a gap between her thighs. 'I hope these undies don't disturb you,' she said, briefly doubting herself for disturbing an older man at his work.

Simon quickly put her mind at rest with a knowing look. 'So it's Call Me Lion, is it?' he said rhetorically, getting up and taking her by the hands.

'Lion!' she said happily, remembering the pledge, and planting a lipstick kiss prominently on his right cheek. Simon led her meekly through to the "Lioness Room", as he now thought if it, fully expecting to see Jazeen await-

ing her come-uppance for her first day's misadventure.

However, although the curtained glass door opened to reveal her standing at the back of the rocking chair clad in pink undies, the real attention-grabber was Sarah Hearnshaw. She was still dressed as she had been on the first day, though with a change of T-shirt from yellow to blue-and-white stripes, but stood in a posterior-out posture, stretched out, slightly off balance with her right hand clasping the left backrest of the rocking chair and her other arm reaching out to the right backrest, leaving her deep bottom taut against those tan jodhpurs. She looked round at Simon with an expression that mingled a realisation of vanished authority with an open-eyed sense of adventure. Jennifer disengaged her hand from Simon's and went round the back of the rocking chair beside Jazeen, clasping Sarah's left hand round the right backrest till Sarah was dependent on the two younger girls for her balance.

'Now what seems to be the problem?' said Simon gently, contemplating the three girls with amused anticipation.

'Sarah wasn't at rehearsal today,' piped up Jazeen sternly.

'I was visiting a certain theatre director with that, for all our benefits,' said Sarah pleadingly, gesturing at the riding crop in Jazeen's free hand.

'No you weren't,' said Jennifer, looking at Simon. 'We checked his appointments with his secretary, and it was your name you used, not the Lioness Theatre Company.'

A flurry of blonde locks turned towards Simon beneath a fringe, Sarah spoke: 'I have to look out for my future; but I won't do it again.'

'That's not good enough!' said Jennifer firmly: 'You made the rules and if you want to be partners with us you'll have to show you're serious by playing by them. Simon, take her boots off.'

'Oh, alright then,' said Sarah: 'It was just twelve we agreed for the first offence though.'

'Yes, that's right,' said Jazeen, as Simon knelt to pull down the boot zips on the inside of Sarah's legs and helped her out of them.

'Now the jodhpurs,' said Jennifer.

This was getting interesting, thought Simon, as kneeling behind those big pear-shaped cheeks he had so appreciated even at first glance, he put his hands into the waistband of the tan jodhpurs with white knickers underneath and pulled towards the floor. What a cleft! Large and deep as all the canyons in the world. It was obvious too as he tugged the jodhpurs down that those legs had only recently been

waxed.

'Stand up Simon,' said Jen coaxingly. Simon obeyed slowly. 'Here,' said Jazeen, handing him the riding crop with a smile. Simon took the proffered rod in his right hand and flexed it experimentally.

'Kneel on the chair Sarah!' said Jen sharply. It was an order. Resigned to her fate, Sarah mounted the rocking chair and when she was kneeling upright, the two younger "Lionesses" pulled it slowly forward, making Sarah lean over with her bare rump sticking right out at an angle suitable for a cropping.

'Comfy Sarah?' asked Jen.

Simon now realised the power he wielded as "Lion". When one of the girls made herself unpopular, he would probably end up beating her rump. Sarah had suggested it herself with a little help from him, and being the oldest of the three had expected to use the system to keep the others in line. Now here she was, hoist by her own petard, quite literally, bum in the air at the mercy of two playful "Lionesses"!

'Bum out Sarah!' snapped Jen, and Sarah obeyed, her twin globes mooning at Simon with wisps of blonde pubes poking out from between them.

'Now Simon!' said Jennifer, 'That's 12 strokes of the crop she's due, and don't you dare stint on it!' Simon looked at Jazeen, who looked him back, then looked at his crotch and up at his eyes and licked her lips wetly, her face a picture of the over-excited thrill seeker. The atmosphere was electric. A storm was about to break.

Flexing the riding crop through the air till it swished, Simon brought it down sharply across the middle of the proffered globes. **Thwack!**

'Oh God!' said Sarah face down and shaking blonde curls. Like swimming, the motion of the crop seemed to suggest a certain rhythm to Simon. Back and forth. **Thwack!** 'Oooow!' Slightly lower than that one. Back and forth. **Thwack!** 'Youch!' A toe-curler that one, lower again on the upper legs. You didn't have to stand still doing this, Simon realised. **Thwack!** 'O-oow, yes!' Yes, different angles for full coverage. **Thwack!** A drumming of feet and a yelp. Those two were right bum cheek specials. Moving back for the left. **Thwack!** 'Yeaaaauh!' Those funny London vowel sounds, Simon thought. He had caught her over a previous stroke there.

The last six criss-crossed the first three. **Thwack!**

'Jen! Jen!'

'Bad Lioness Sarah!' came the reply. Pace yourself man, for God's sake.

'Jazeen, I'm sorry!'

'Bad Lioness needs a lesson from the Lion,' came the reply from the Asian temptress. **Thwack!**

'Oooooow!'

'Say, "thank you Simon",' said Jen, glancing between Simon and that glowing bottom, her eyes full of life.

'No!' **Thwack!** 'Yoooooooh!'

'Harder Simon if she won't say it.'

'Oh Jen, Yes!' **Thwack!**

'Ooooooauh!'

'Do you want to be a Lioness, Sarah?'

'More than ever, Jen!'

'It's time for a little speech then

endured and generosity for Simon. 'You'd better leave us to talk now, Simon,' said Jennifer, whose graduate status had made her the natural boss of the three girls after Sarah's fall from grace. 'At your service,' said Simon, walking to the curtained door, leaving the girls for a major renegotiation.

It was a hot afternoon, as usual, and Simon was trying to concentrate on a book when there was a rap at the door

"Lionesses den".

Jazeen was there, topless in white M & S knickers, her undrooped teenage tits pointing at the black be-skirted Jennifer. 'Call it a light show when half the bulbs are bust!'

'How was I to know they don't sell the right replacements here?' answered Jennifer. Defiant towards Jazeen; however when her eyes met Simon's a look of such utter melting desire came into them that Simon knew that what was to ensue had her full and enthusiastic approval. Jazeen saw the look and said: 'Kneel down behind her, Simon,



Sarah, isn't it?'

'Yes, Jen.' **Thwack!** 'Eeeeeoauh!'

'What have you got to say to us Sarah?'

'I'll be a good Lioness, Jen. I will Jazeen. Thank you for telling me I did wrong. And thank you Simon.'

'Ask for the last stroke then,' said Jazeen. Sarah looked round at Simon, her face-flushed.

'Finish me Simon!' was all she could say. **Thwack!** 'Ooooh!'

Sarah got up slowly, fingering her glowing derriere delicately before deciding not to. She and Simon shared glances. Sarah blew upwards to clear her fringe from her eyes and cool her cheeks, red with a mixture of pain

and before he could reply Sarah entered his room, dressed only in a pair of pyjama bottoms he had lent her after her beating in a fit of sympathy.

'Yes Sarah?' he said, trying to recover from the sight of her twin boobs swinging separately from her chest, as she stood facing him, hands on hips.

'We have a discipline problem again, Simon,' she pouted hopefully at him.

'Not you again?' said Simon wickedly, and looked at her as she blushed hotly.

'No fear,' she said, 'I've learned my lesson, thank you kindly sir.' They laughed, and Simon got up and was led through once again to the

and undo her skirt. It's a back zipper.'

Simon knelt. Sarah and Jazeen came to Jennifer's side to unbutton her red and white horizontal striped blouse. 'Your bum'll be like this soon,' said Sarah, 'It's 15 this time, remember.' Those apple orbs, thought Simon, reaching round them to undo the two buttons of Jen's knee length skirt, before tugging the silvery zip down over her bum crack and pulling the skirt smartly off by a downwards motion on her hem. The knickers were next and soon Jen stood there in shoes and bra, her bum some six inches from Simon's face. That, however, was before Jazeen held Jen's wrist upright and Jen, twisting her hips in

response, moved backwards until she and Simon were, quite literally, "dancing cheek-to-cheek". Jennifer felt the roughness of Simon's clean-shaven cheek and the hotness of his breath blowing gently between the gap in her thighs. She felt a clitoral response in the softness of her genitals. 'Well, I'm only taking 15 if I can bend over the chair from the side instead of kneeling,' she said, firm of purpose.

The two other girls did not demur as they led her off to the chair. Sarah knelt by the right of the chair to hold Jennifer's hands firmly on the seat whilst Jennifer positioned herself on its left side, legs together, apple-bottom at the ready. Jazeen moved beside Jen on the far side of Simon and pulled Jen's ponytail out of the band that bound it till Jen's womanly hair fell down towards the chair seat. Standing at the back right of the chair she silently handed Simon, now in position, the crop from its place leaning against the rocking chair, then grasped Jen's hips, at the sides, gently moving her belly around till Jen was writhing with desire. 'Now Simon!' said Sarah, glad to have recovered a little authority. Simon swung.

Thwack! 'Ee-ouw!' Pain and desire mixed in Jen's nether regions. As the strokes succeeded **Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!** she leapt, scissored and writhed. So, that apple bottom has appeared in magazines, thought Simon as the cheeks turned from a four bar gate to a burning rosy hue. At length, "Lioness talk" between the girls ensued with Jen assuring the others that she loved being a Lioness. **Thwack! Thwack!** went the 13th and 14th strokes. In what was now a tradition, Jen looked Simon in the eyes, bleary eyed and flushed: 'Finish me, Simon!' she said. **Thwack!**

They stopped for breath. 'That'll be all for now, Simon,' said Sarah at last, as Jennifer stood upright and rubbed her thighs, not daring to touch her roasting posterior.

'As you wish girls,' said Simon, making for the door.

It was the 12th and last day of the Lioness Theatre Company's run in Edinburgh, and another sweltering hot Friday. Simon was dressed in a bathrobe after a cold bath he now needed daily to keep his cool in the presence of the women. With a good supply of increasingly pre-occupying memories from their stay, he was actually looking forward to their departure, as their tastes for beating sessions seemed to have abated, and his desire for relief increased. The last afternoon

performance over, Sarah and Jennifer had gone to see some serious drama recitals in town.

A jangling announced someone's presence outside his door and, with a brief knock, Jazeen entered. She was a vision: the tight tiger pattern dress was still there, but on her ankles and wrists she wore bracelets with tiny bells on. On her fingers were finger-cymbals; over her face was a veil and around her shoulders a mock feather stole. Her eyes were made up to give her a brazen look. It was her stripping gear. She sat with her back to Simon on the armrest of his armchair, her big bum protruding towards him, reminding him of a certain recent face massage. If Sarah was a pear, and Jennifer an apple, Jazeen, thought Simon, was a peach. Slightly exotic, deep and full, with a lovely flavour!

'I need a favour.'

'Discipline?' asked Simon, momentarily overwhelmed.

'Not yet,' said Jazeen, 'Look. You know I'm a Bhangra stripper, don't you? Well, I need a man I can trust to advise me about my new act. Come through' She led Simon to the "Lioness Den", shutting the door behind her.

The "Asian babe" walked to the window, flicked the switch of the ghetto-blaster and the drum beat of Bhangra started, followed by swishing cymbals, bass, and the melody of Eastern sitars. 'Sit on the bed,' she said. When he had obeyed, she stood between his opened legs and tugged his bathrobe aside to reveal his bare torso and semi-erect intimate male organ. 'I need to see what effect I'm having. This way you can't lie,' she said. The teenager stood in front of her older catch, then slowly began to dance, her arms waving high, clicking the finger-cymbals, her hips gyrating, her breasts shaking to the beat. She quickly lost her stole, dress and underwear, breathing the scent of spicy Eastern food in his face as she did so. It was when she turned her naked back to him though, and bending, looked between her legs at his organ, and gyrating her hips from the knee, that she saw the vertical effect for which she plied her art. Taking Simon's hands from his thighs, she pulled them between her legs, moving Simon's face forward to taste the dusky and most intimate pleasures of the peach.

The door opened and Sarah's voice sounded: 'Jazeen! You said you'd given up Bhangra dancing. Now look at you.'

'You tart!' added Jennifer caustically, 'Is that your new act?'

'Yes!' cried Jazeen standing upright, 'I'll never be ashamed of Bhangra. This is my culture. British Asian. How can white girls know what it means!'

Lacking patience, the two "White girls" as one, threw pillows, two downie quilts and cushions over the rocking chair, and led Jazeen over to it. The Asian temptress sat down and the other two pulled her legs up above her head till her taut and muscular bottom stuck out over the end of the chair. 'Here!' said Sarah, throwing the riding crop to Simon, 'You'll enjoy this!'

Jazeen so loved being the centre of attention that she had no complaint about her fate. She would seduce Simon like this as any other way and show how much she loved Bhangra at the same time. She looked up at him and the two older girls boldly, as Simon walked over to her, his bathrobe still open, and flexed the crop. She would soon persuade them to put Bhangra in the next show, she thought. There wasn't a man who could resist her when she danced.

'18 strokes then!' said Sarah as the crop swished.

Thwack! 'Oo-er!' **Thwack!** **Thwack!** 'Oo-Wow!' At each stroke a jangle of leg-bells. She'd make a good swimmer the way she kicks her legs, thought Simon. **Thwack! Thwack!** You Asian Teaser! he said to himself. **Thwack! Thwack!** So Asian bottoms do blush, Jazeen. **Thwack! Thwack!** The dream of a thousand Asian businessmen, I'll bet. Plenty left yet, Jazeen. **Thwack!** 'Oooo-er!' There's all the back of your legs still to go. . .

A few minutes after the exclamation 'Finish me, Simon!' and its answering **Thwack!** were over, the girls walked out into Simon's room to renegotiate their partnership and Simon collapsed on to the rocking chair, the smell of sweaty, sleepy womanhood in his nostrils from the discarded bedclothes. He shut his eyes, and let his bare torso and stiff member rest.

Ten minutes later, he felt a soft hand on his thigh and looked down to find Jazeen in a dressing gown kneeling between his legs in the late afternoon heat. 'Listen to this, Simon,' she said with new found authority, 'It's an offer. Sarah and Jennifer are working for me now. I'm opening a private gentleman's Bhangra strip club here, and if it works out our theatre director friend will finance a chain of them. What we need is rent-free accommodation to get us started. There'll be us staying at first, then a lot of other girls like us. You won't be short of untamed rumps. I know how girls who live a bit wild end up wanting to be tamed.'

Simon looked down at Jazeen, kneeling there with the womanly rump he had just "tamed" sticking out behind her and an imploring expression on her face: 'Please?' she said. He nodded and closed his eyes. Bhangra be blessed, he thought. ●



take it, staunchly, as I know you can'

'Wh-what?'

'I've seen you caned as hard as that, then beg for more.'

For the moment Felicity Tarrant forgot herself. 'But that's because **he** was doing it.'

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

As the cane rose and fell, driven by a man obsessed with the bottom he was beating, a communication began to arc between the chastiser and his chastisee. To Charles, the cane became a magic wand, sizzling, whipping, connecting, flying. The streaked, reddened bottom-curves shuddered at each impact, their brief distortion almost too quick for the eye to discern before the rumpy mounds returned to fullness ready for the next loud collision of wood and flesh.

Felicity's hips jerked and her bottom jutted as she strained it backwards, taking into itself the livid stripes of screaming pain as he gasped and grunted like a male in rut. The barrage of biting, stinging, scorching sensations possessed her utterly. Even though she knew that their times together were long since over, as the cane hissed and struck she was with him again: John Banks. Perhaps this was the only way she could ever be with him, for he was the one who first had taken a cane to her tender young bottom...

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Time ceased to have meaning for either of them as the man smote and smote the woman's bare, brazen, burning bottom. The number of strokes became irrelevant. No count was made: the times it pounced and

stung, sprang and flamed its flare-path across the peachlike moons was afterwards impossible to recall. It could have been two dozen, perhaps far more, while she gritted her teeth, contorted her face, shook her hips, cried out, softly shrieked, tensed her buttocks, hunched her shoulders and waited for the next keen swipe, and then the next.

And then there was silence. It was over. She lay slumped forward, too enfeebled even to reach behind her and rub at her incandescent rumps. Vaguely she heard him move away, then a rattling as he rummaged in a drawer.

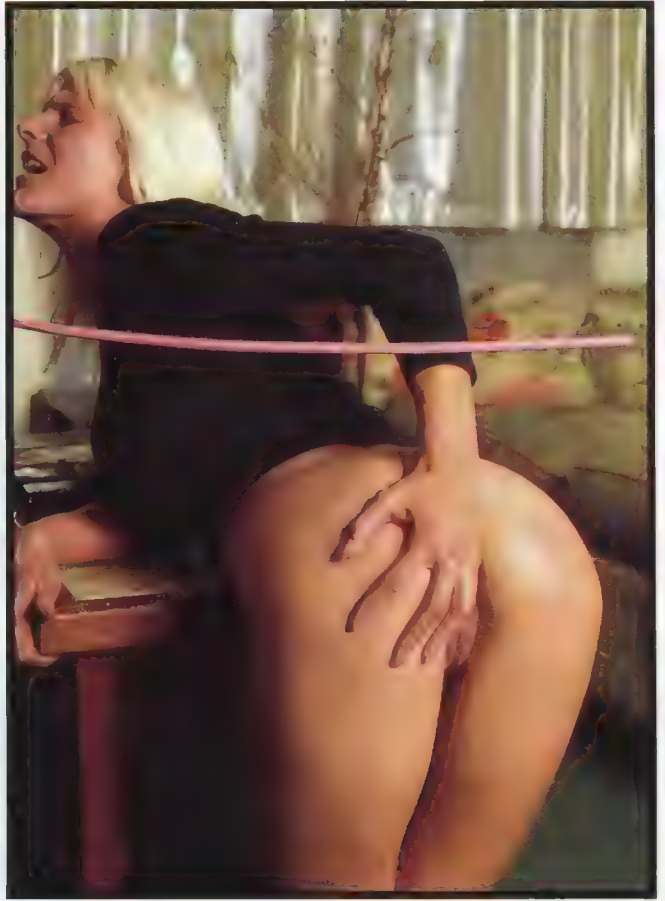
Back he came and helped her to her feet. He pointed to a small pile of videos he had extracted from the drawer. 'You can take what you came for,' he said. 'I shan't be needing them any more.' Charles Willoughby almost smiled. Although his eyes glowed and sweat sheened his face, the bleakness of expression was returning. 'After this,' he said, 'anything else would be anticlimax.'

Reverently he reached around her body and clamped his hands on the springy cushions he had so often dreamed about, had now touched in the flesh and would surely touch no more. They felt hot, and the skin was amazingly soft, with little bumps and tracks the wooden wand had raised. He felt her own hands close over his, and thought that she would pull them away. But, instead she held them, gently, with subtle intimate pressures as the fires beneath them began to ease.

'Perhaps I'll burgle you again,' she murmured.

'If only you would...'

But that was a dream, too — wasn't it? ●



When Nikki got back to their flat late that evening she was grinning all over, a shade or two flushed and her hair appeared to have been exposed to the mercies of a hurricane. Her eyes looked like they'd had a brightness infusion, and when she walked she hobbled as if something 'down there' was giving her twinges that ought to have been uncomfortable but really were rather, er, nice.

'Guess what?' she said.

Madeleine yawned. 'The Pope got married?' Her evening had been dull. An hour on the phone with boyfriend Michael yammering on about boats, rugby union and Life at the Office, interspersed with repeats of repeats on television. 'You met a Martian and he took you for a ride in his space machine?'

'Something like that.' Nikki rolled her eyes and did a bump-and-grind. Hands on hips she stood over her bored flatmate. 'I,' she began, pointing to herself so there should be no misunderstanding as to whom she was referring, 'have just had the best, the most amazing, the greatest fucking sex of my entire life!'

'What?' Madeleine jerked upright. 'Who with?'

'Who d'you think? With Pete, of course.'

'I thought you said he was about as sexy as a cold in the crutch, and that you were looking for someone with a bit more fuel injection.'

Nikki smiled, and fumbled in her red bag. 'That was before,' she said mysteriously.

'Before what?'

'This!' She produced, like a rabbit from a hat, what looked to Madeleine like some kind of leather strop of the type her dad honed his razor on before his jaws went electric. Except this one had a handle, was a funny sort of shape, and wobbled in Nikki's grasp as if imbued with life of its own. 'And before you say "what's that?" in that voice of yours, I'll tell you.'

'It's a strop.'

'Wrong,' said Nikki. 'It's a paddle. And I'll tell you what



Paddling Madeleine Home



if . . . no, better than that, I'll show you what it does.'

Before her flatmate's intrigued gaze, Nikki hitched her skirt up to her waist and turned her bottom to Madeleine. The naked cheeks were red and blotched and marked with livid imprints.

'There,' she said.

Madeleine stared. 'It . . . it looks as if you've sat on a griddle,' she said at last.

'It is the most fantastic feeling,' Nikki enthused. She pulled down her skirt again, sat down and swung the paddle-blade against her hand. The sound was explosive.

'Hell's bananas!' said Madeleine. 'You don't mean to say Pete used that thing on you?'

'He did more than that. First of all he pulled me over his knee and smacked my bum, then he pushed me forward over the bed. I didn't see what he was hitting me with at first, but it felt so hot and heavy, like a tiger with a burning tongue lapping away all over my arse. Brilliant, it was. Somewhere in the middle of it all my clothes came off. He kept on doing it, and making funny noises, and after a while I started to come.'

'Come!' said Madeleine. 'How? Sounds like he was whacking the life out of you.'

'Whacking the life into me, you mean. Oh Maddy, I

promise you, it's fantastic. Forget everything you've ever done before, broaden your sexual horizons a bit. I came six times when he hit me with this! You look like you could do with an orgasm or two. Let's have a go at yours.'

Madeleine looked alarmed. 'You're joking, aren't you?'

'Come on — let the dog see the rabbit!'

Madeleine didn't put up much of a fight. To tell the truth, she was intrigued. Sex with Michael was a bit samey. When she hoisted up her dress and turned her bottom on Nikki and stuck it out the feeling was pretty unusual to say the least. In fact it made her feel rather . . . ambivalent.

'Quite a piece of plum duff you've got there.'

'Thanks, I'm sure.'

'Not wearing much underneath, are you?'

'Nor are you.'

Nikki peered closely at her friend's backside. The skin was so flawless it almost seemed a pity not to leave it alone. Almost, but not quite. The fact was, she was itching to bring the paddle whapping down on those generous cheeks.

'Right, let's have you on the sofa, bum towards me.'

'Is this going to hurt?' said Madeleine. But as she knelt up on the cushions and pushed out her virtually naked bottom there was a moment when she felt as if lubrica-





tion wasn't just something Michael's car got when he serviced it. When he serviced her, Madeleine had sometimes felt that she could do with some Duckhams Hypergrade too. But she certainly didn't need it now. In fact, although she'd never been so much as spanked in her entire life, she was finding this part of it surprisingly sexy.

'You've got quite a nice arse,' teased Nikki. 'Seems a pity to waste it on a wanker like Michael.'

'Some kind of dyke, are you?'

'Hmmm.' For several moments Nikki stroked her friend's buttocks, smooth as an unpeeled peach. Electricity flowed through her fingers at the contact, and Madeleine squirmed.

'Don't,' she moaned. 'You'll get me wet.'

'This,' laughed Nikki, 'will get you soaking.' She stepped back, paddle in hand and took up what she liked to imagine was the stance of a disciplinarian preparing to unleash retribution. It was that which had turned her on before Pete had even started, the deliciously decadent sensation of having been very naughty and deserving punishment.

Whap. The paddle swung through the air and hit Madeleine's bottom with a clapping sound. The stroke wasn't very hard, and the feeling was more of a pleasant tingle than the pain she had braced herself against. Two more of these created a gentle sizzling on the surface of her buttocks. She began to understand what Nikki meant, but it hardly constituted a major sexual experience.

'How was that for you, dah-ling?' said Nikki.

'I can't really feel it much. Just tingles a bit, that's all.'





Can't you do it a bit harder?

'Like this, you mean?'

WHACK.

A flame-jet blazed across Madeleine's previously gently-tingling bottom. Her whole body jolted at the impact as if she'd been touched by a cattle-prod, and the shock was so great that she yowled like a cat. Splat-splat-splat! More smacking hits bit across her buttocks, and she felt heat building, building to a sharp high point then sort of exploding and spreading a field of super-hot sensation over every inch of her bottom.

'Ooh — yes — ooh!' Madeleine could hear Nikki almost cursing as she struck, as if swatting at some hated object that was trying to settle on her backside. The force with which her friend was now striking was more, well, sexy — or should that be intimate? — than before. It was as if the two of them were joined in harmonious activity, with Nikki's energy represented by the pouncing, licking, smacking blade of the paddle as she swung it at Madeleine's buttocks again and again.

'Come on, you bitch — I was naked when it happened.' Almost feverishly Nikki began to wrench off Madeleine's dress and skimpy underthings, baring her friend's breasts and then, completely, her bottom, till only her shoes remained. Nikki was panting, presumably with effort, as she stared at close-range into Madeleine's bare bum, noting how its snowy pallor had changed to a sunset red.

Madeleine's breathing had quickened too. Mentally she hurled the Duckhams Hypergrade over a cliff, and Michael with it. She scrambled off the sofa and lay across the padded footrest, snuggling her nude body against







the cool soft leather. The feeling was indescribably delicious, what with the smolderings in her backside and the knowledge there was more to come.

Nor did Nikki disappoint her, snarling like a wild thing as she resumed her fervent slapping with the paddle. Madeleine yelped and squealed as her bottom smarted and stung as the thick leather jarred across it, driven by the continual explosive efforts of the seemingly indefatigable Nikki — who later admitted that she could have whacked her for ever, she enjoyed it so much.

At one point, several minutes into the thunderous paddling, Nikki reversed her stance and straddled Madeleine's prone, jerking body. That way she could strike the ruby-streaked buttocks from directly above, enhancing the blazing sensations the recipient was feeling. And as she smacked the blade down again and again, she settled her weight on her flatmates lower back, feeling the heat of the contact thrilling through her genitals. Her free hand, rested on Madeleine's flank, was like a gently-moving caress which the weight of the paddle countered with fierce slaps of pain. And so Nikki rode her, wetting and opening, flailing impassioned slaps into Madeleine's yielding buttocks: whap-whap-WHAP.

It was then that Madeleine started to come.

Well, they both did, actually . . .

Grinning with triumph, puffing from spent energies, Nikki helped her friend to her feet and sat her on the settee. Madeleine wriggled at its contact with her smarting bottom, but even that felt good.

Their eyes met, and held. Both wanted to laugh like crazy, but no laughter came. It went a bit too deep for that. ●



The Wedding Present

I was never going to tell this story. It was one of those things you curl up in bed with by yourself, you know, private memory, kind of thing. Then I got pissed one night at the company sales conference, yes, I'm a rep and I've heard all the jokes. Told most of them, so don't bother. Any way, this bloke I told the story to, he sent me a copy of a magazine called *Janus*. Said, why not write up the story the way I told it to him. I'm no writer, but here goes.

They were one of those families, you know, the kind you thank God don't belong to you. All milling around the airport, one minute shrieking with laughter, next screaming at each other. Someone had got married and they had come to see them off. Confetti and carnations everywhere. I was trying to read up on the clients I was due to see in Malaga. No chance with all that going on around me. The happy pair, who looked progressively less happy as time wore on, were presumably going to Spain for their Honeymoon. They looked up every time the tannoy made mention of my flight, so I assumed they were catching the same one. It was delayed. Members of the party began to drift

away. Eventually, the flight was called. A round of hugs and kisses for the newly weds. He was a nice enough looking lad, a bit nondescript and clearly overwhelmed by her family. I think they were Greek or Cypriot or something. She was something else. I would gladly have given her a kiss myself. Tall, statuesque, dark haired, she had the kind of arresting beauty that will silence a room. Any room that wasn't filled with her family that is. A little ceremony took place, her Father made quite a palaver over handing his new Son-in-Law a last minute present. A cardboard tube almost a metre long. I got the feeling that had been the point of seeing the pair off. We all trudged somewhat wearily onto the plane.

I was not too happy to find myself seated immediately behind the pair, but freed from their families they settled down to a quiet bit of hand holding and lovey-dovey talk. I got out my papers to do some reading. I wasn't prying or anything, I just happened to be looking through the gap in the seats when he decided to have a look at that present. The tube had a cap on it, he removed it, tilted the tube. There was a red cloth bag inside, it

looked like velvet, they had to tip it right out of the tube. At the other end there was a drawstring. He loosened it and tipped out the contents. He coughed, she gasped and then began to giggle. The contents were a leather handled whip with a bunch of thongs, I think it's called a Martinette or something like that, there was a thin cane as well and a note. He looked at it, couldn't read it, Greek, I expect. Passed it to her. Trying to stifle her laughter she translated it for him. And me. I was all attention by now:

Dear Victor,

I welcome you to the family, I hope my Daughter will bring honour to yours. She has given her Mother and myself great happiness. Long may she do the same to you.

We have a saying in our country which Sophie knows well, "Bitter words leave more scars than a whip". Sophie is now your responsibility, it is your choice as to whether you continue the traditions in which she has been reared. Just remember, it was those traditions and that discipline that made her the girl you fell in love with. Keep her that way, for your sake and hers. If you have cause to chastise her, let it be hard and sharp, then make an

by Michael Johns

end to it. End every day with a gesture of your continued love.

I wish you both long life and much happiness.

Your fond Father-in-Law.

p.s. It is also tradition that before you make your new wife weep from pleasure of love on her wedding night you make her weep with the whip. I promise you, it improves the wedding night.

I leaned back, anxious not to be caught prying. The girl made no effort to lower her voice or conceal the laughter in it.

'Dear Papa, he must have forgotten that although you speak the language, you don't read it. I don't think he intended I should read that out loud to you.' She went quiet, then added, 'Or maybe he did, he can be a cunning old bugger, my Pa. What do you think Victor? His reply was too low for me to hear. I saw her pick up the whip, run her fingers through the trailing thongs caressingly and then clasp it tight to her chest before sliding the whip and the cane back into their bag. I heard her say, 'Well, I think tradition is important, you can make up your mind when we get there, there's no hurry, we don't land for another three hours.'


She was wrong, the public address system gonged. 'Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. I regret to inform you that owing to conditions beyond our control this flight is being re-routed to Gatwick Airport. Coaches have been arranged to take you all to an overnight Hotel at the company's expense and you will be issued with a voucher for a meal and a drink at the bar. We very much regret the inconvenience, you will be

informed of the time of your continuation flight when you land.' There was a general groan around the plane. It was bad enough for those going on holiday. For people like me, trying to work, it was a bloody disaster. I could foresee a long flood of telephone calls and faxes as soon as we got to the Hotel. The bizarre little episode in front of me went out of my mind. It was just a quirk of luck that I was immediately behind them as we booked into the Hotel. That must have been why we were allocated adjoining rooms. It took me nearly two hours of 'phoning and faxing to rearrange my trip, before dashing down to the bar for a snack and a drink. I was tired and well ready for my bed as I returned to my room. Victor and Sophie shared the lift. They were none too happy with each other, staring at the lift walls with a curtain of angry silence between them. I put it down to disappointment. They had expected to be screwing themselves silly in a warm heat of a Spanish night, not dumped in a second class Hotel at Gatwick with it pouring rain down outside. I felt sorry for them. They went into their room. It was the room beside mine.

*Three girls coiled
together on the
T.V. They
could not compete with
my live entertainment.*

Now I have to say, there's a few things in this story that don't reflect well on me. That's why I'm using a pen-name. Here is the first of them. Seeing that somebody else was picking up the tab and that no nosy accountant would be checking the bill, I helped myself to a few drinks from the mini-bar, and I got to thinking about the newly-weds just the other side of the wall, well door actually, there was a communication door between the two rooms. Stimulated by the thoughts, I switched on the Blue Video channel and settled down to enjoy myself. When it got to the crying and grunting bit I turned the sound off. Became quite funny really, all that effort and staged emotion and no sound. But there was sound, rather a lot of it. The pair next door were going hammer and tongs and it wasn't on the bed.

Laying there, I couldn't help tuning in. His voice was something of a low rumble, heavy, trying to suppress an anger just below the surface. Hers was a climbing to that goading shriek that always gets a fellow going. Odd words of hers came floating through the wall along the lines of, 'mouse not a man', and 'just bloody ineffective', and then 'you're scared, too scared'. She was silent for a while, his rumble sounded placatory. Then very clearly, she must have been at the door itself, 'How could you be half the man my Father is, I was foolish, I expected too much. I will have to put up with being married to a boy instead of a man.' The rumble erupted. An object scraped on the door, she yelped, then I heard a heavy object crash on the bed. Their bed end rapped hard on my wall only inches from my head. On the screen, the girl drew her knees invitingly to her chest and I wondered if the same



scene was going on live next door. Apparently not, Victor's next words were loud and clear, 'You want traditions Sophie, you'll get traditions, this night and every night of our honeymoon and twice on Sundays, because, if we start this way, it will always be this way.' I couldn't hear her words of reply.

There was a short period of quiet, then, 'No Sophie, over the chair first.' It was peremptory command, harsh and staccato, a new tone. With sudden insight I knew the little drama unfolding next door had its basis in that curious "present". I looked at the chair in my room, had a mental image of Sophie folding herself over it. Time now for another confession. It was the drink, the video and the eroticism of the way I'd seen the girl stroke the black thongs of the whip. I crept from my bed to the door, intending only to get closer to the sounds I expected to hear. It was a fairly old hotel, the doors were still fitted with old locks, the kind that need keys. It had a keyhole. For the first time in my adult life I went on my knees and peeked. At least, I only intended to peek, a quick look and back into bed. With that one look, I was chained there, hardly able to breathe.

She was naked, magnificently naked. Good looking dressed, she was absolutely stunning naked. Heavy dark hair hung loose to her shoulders. Wide strong shoulders. They needed to be strong to carry the heavy burden of her breasts. Great milky white mounds, firm and shapely with pink outstanding tips. A nice plumpy rounded belly, large hips, a mass of curling black hair on her mons that ran in a thin line up to her navel. Her

thighs and legs were heavy with the promise of delight. She had a cat-licking-the-cream type smile on her face as she held out the soft bag to him. His back was to me, I saw him shake his head and that low rumble. She shrugged, smiled wider and undid the drawstring and making a performance of peeling the material down the handle of the whip, the opposite action to putting a condom on, but just as blatantly erotic. She romanced it, licking her lips lasciviously as she drew out the handle. She rubbed one hand up and down it. The thongs slithered out of the bag and hung in silent menace. She held it out to him, her face, her body an ardent invitation and challenge. Another rumble, another shake of his head. She stiffened, became very attentive to his words. Her expression had sobered, now she was biting her lower lip. She actually seemed to shrink little, become smaller. She fumbled, dropped the whip on the floor and with apprehensive hands withdrew the thin yellow cane. She didn't smile at all as she held this out to him.


Victor barked and gestured, with a sudden worried look on her face, Sophie climbed onto the chair, putting her knees on the seat and folding herself over the back. The chair began to tilt, she squealed, he gripped her and she knelt upright. There was a flash of the argumentative Sophie. 'I said it would be better on the bed.' I prayed; the bed was out of view. Victor was in no mood to allow Sophie even the smallest of victories. He dragged the luggage stool out and placed it so Sophie supported her weight on that as she was prodded back onto position with the tip of the cane. He stood

back to view the scene, it certainly satisfied me. Directly opposite my keyhole I had a perfect view of Sophie's splendid bum and thighs. As she turned her head over her shoulder I could see the now anxious look on her face. She grew even more worried as Victor expressed dissatisfaction with her placing. She stood up and waited as Victor piled pillows onto the seat of the chair. She trembled.

Her knees high on the pillows, I had to mentally compliment Victor on his eye for perfection. The extra height tautened and lengthened the long muscles in Sophie's thighs, rounded the rolling hills of her buttocks in a lovely curving sweep while drawing indentations into the outer side of each bum cheek. Silently I echoed his satisfaction. She was beautiful. The shadow in her eyes and the tremor of her lips added to her charm. Victor leaned over her to whisper in her ear. Her head went up and dipped back. She settled herself upon the pillows, every movement an invitation. He stood off to her left, laid the thin wand high across her upturned mounds. Even from my side of the door I heard her long submissive sigh, soon a rolling shudder pass down her body, setting the jelly flesh of her bum in motion . . .

Why should it be so exciting to watch a girl's bum being caned? It probably wouldn't be if she were screaming blue murder and running around the room to escape. I don't know, I'd never even watched one of those spanking videos before, didn't think it was my scene. But this, Sophie's willing submission, well, it was even more than that, she had obviously provoked this. Wanted him to prove in the most old fashioned way,





his Mastery of her. Demanding almost, that he accept her surrender. This was highly erotic. They were off in their own private world. The sound of that cane as it wrapped itself into the soft curve of her bum seemed terribly loud to me. Her bum seemed to flatten around the the point of impact. I winced. I expected the room to reverberate with her cries. There was a barely audible gasp. I expected her to climb off the chair, go dancing round the room, she simply lowered her head. Her shoulders shook, beneath her the heavy droop of her unsupported breasts swung.

She raised her head. As though it were a signal, Victor's arm swept back and then down. And again and again and again. My mouth was dry. I had to crawl and get my glass, I didn't need booze, iced tonic water eased my parched throat. Back on station I could scarcely believe the angry row of lines across Sophie's heaving white arse, only it wasn't white any longer. Where it wasn't red striped it was turning a deep blush pink. Victor moved to her other side. I heard something said about 'balancing the load'. Incredibly, in the middle of her trauma, I heard Sophie giggle. If I hadn't heard it myself I would have said it could never happen. Giggling while being thrashed like that? His strokes from the other side seemed to land less heavily and more erratically, spreading in a wide fan across her broad bottom. He was dissatisfied, after six or eight swipes he returned to his more natural placing.

Sophie looked at him over her shoulder, her eyes were very bright, she said something too low for me to catch. I caught the end of Victor's reply, '... tears, and plenty of them.'

I looked to see signs of rebellion in the unfortunate victim. She simply bit at her lip and nodded her head in abject resignation to her allotted fate. Victor used the end of the cane inserted between her legs to persuade her to lift her ridged and sore looking bottom even higher. She obliged, expecting a fresh assault on the well striped flesh on her bum. For the first time I heard a cry of protest from her as he laid his cane gently, high up on her stretched thighs. He tapped, her protest died, her head went down. He struck . . . hard. Her body was a blur of anguished movement. The chair went over, she was on her feet writhing in and out of my view, lifting her legs in a high stepping dance that once or twice displayed her gaping sex to me as she rubbed herself. I thought that would surely be the end. It wasn't. What tears there were didn't satisfy Victor. Maybe Sophie neither. I heard no word of command or instruction but saw Sophie right the chair and pile


*'Push it up
Sophie, that's better,
now dip your back, you
have a lovely arse
Sophie, I could whip
you all night.' She
was lost in her world of
pain and sound.*

the pillows on it before resuming her pose. The red stripe across her thighs looked deeper and more hurtful than the previous ones on her arse.

Victor's voice was now, if anything, harsher than before. 'Stay down Sophie, and keep your hands away.' Reluctantly she removed her covering hands. Three times he swung before she lost control again, this time she went up, arse towards the ceiling, levering herself on her hands, her legs straight out behind her. Her long keening wail was piercing and very loud. I had noticed that the rooms on this floor were mainly conference suites but I half expected hotel staff to come knocking on their door. Victor and Sophie had no such cares. Their concern was entirely focused on that thin length of wood and the effect it was having. While she was still stretched up in her anguished pose he hit her two more times. Just as hard. He was merciless. Her cry was a continuous confirmation of her agony that gradually died away to racking sobs. He pulled her head, yanking on her long tresses and stared. 'Now we are getting some real tears.' His tone was one of deep satisfaction. I anticipated the playlet would now transfer to the more comfortable stage of the bed. I was wrong.

Sophie's cheeks were now streaked with big rolling tears, her face contained no hint of the fear or anger I would have expected, more one of expectations, I'd have said. I recalled that comment about 'improving the wedding night' in the note. I had thought it was a macho joke, maybe it wasn't. Victor was still not yet in a mood to find out. He released her head. Stepped out of view. A lighter struck, a coil of smoke appeared. The





bed creaked, 'Fifteen minutes Sophie, stay like that, then we'll try Daddie's other little present you were so keen I should use.' Her face came up, distressed and fearful. 'Victor please, no more, you've no idea how much the cane hurts, I can't take any more tonight.' He bounded off the bed, the cane was already swinging as he came into my sight. Twice it flashed down on her unprepared buttocks, hard and vicious. I was certain the resulting scream would bring staff to their door. Anybody else on the floor must surely hear her. He stood over her, as she drew breath. He asked, 'Want to argue some more Sophie? I'm beginning to get the hang of this game.' Dumbly she shook her head. He disappeared from view again. I watched as her twitching body gradually achieved stasis and her sobbing lessened. Without looking up she made some low voiced request. She rose stiffly and limped out of view. I needed the lavatory as well. It took a long time, a running tap and liberal splashes of cold water before I could function. When I returned it was to see her squatting, hands under her thighs, knees apart. She was facing me, well Victor really, I just happened to get the benefit. I saw with astonishment that head on, Sophie gave every sign of being highly aroused. The outer lips of her sex were swollen and spread, revealing the moist pink sheen beneath. Her nipples were hard and standing out like hat pegs. A deep crimson stain spread from her belly to her eyebrows. Her tears had dried, leaving black runnels of make-up behind. She looked vulnerable and debauched, it was enormously sexy.

Unseen, Victor said, 'Better get ready Sophie, time's nearly up.' She

stood, considering, then began to move the chair and her support stool. 'Why the change Sophie?' The reply was unheard, but her gestures indicated he would need more room to swing the longer whip. There was something especially enthralling at watching her practical preparations for her own beating. It raised the level of her submission. She had brought the stool and chair close to the door, her head was now only inches from my prying eye. I reached out to turn off the room lights behind me, so no light would show in the keyhole, make her suspect a hidden watcher. Three girls coiled together on the T.V. . . . They could not compete with my live entertainment.

Victor took post directly behind her, began to swing the crackling thongs in long sweeping curves to bite into her high-thrust buttocks. I watched her face, so close to mine, listened to every breath she drew. As he hit hard I watched the shock register. There was pain there, increasing pain, she began to gasp. But there was something else as well. I could see her relinquishing control, wiping out awareness of everything except the snapping leather and the stream of instructions and comments from Victor. 'Push it up Sophie, that's better, now dip your back, you have a lovely arse Sophie, I could whip you all night.' She was lost in her world of pain and sound. Her half-closed eyes opened wide in desperate shock. For a moment I thought she could see me. Victor had laid the smarting leather across her shivering back. Above her Victor almost whispered, 'This is something Daddy never did, eh Sophie?' Her mouth was a big 'O' as she cried, 'No, never.' Her head whipped from side to side, her face recorded both pain and delight. I

realised they were making this an experience only of theirs, making it different to anything Sophie had experienced before. She pushed herself back to kneel upright in the chair, raised her hands in the air. The most ancient pose of supplication. Supplication to the Gods, for Sophie, just then, Victor was her God. She was making an offering, a sacrifice of her own body. The ends of the whip curled round her back to deposit their biting myriad of kisses on her belly and her glorious breasts. He turned her body to meet them. She was panting, her hips were heaving, her hands clawed at the air. She began to shout and encourage him. Her eyes glazed and rolled. A crimson flood fountained from her torso to her face, she went into a long silent shake before collapsing backwards into Victor's arms. Passion must have imbued him with strength. Big girl that she was, dead weight that she was, he lifted her out of my sight to the bed.

I lay on my own bed smoking in the dark, the sweat cooling and drying my body. I had heard Victor say, 'Guess that makes you my wife properly now, eh? According to tradition and all?'

'Not quite, you haven't finished yet.' I heard Sophie laugh. I wondered what she meant then the banging of the bed on my wall told me Victor was quick on the uptake at everything. Sophie made it evident she enjoyed it, however short.

It took me a long time to get to sleep that night.

That's it folks, or part of it. It wasn't the end though. I came across them again in Spain, but that's another story. Needless to say, after such an exciting introduction I am now an ardent *Janus* reader, just like you. ●

Punishment Of A T H I E F

by Graham Batley

Caroline Jennings was a thief. There was no real reason why she should steal; she had money in her purse and credit cards with very little owing on them. Despite this, she was shoplifting.

She looked around the fashions in *La Femme*; good well designed clothes, even if slightly conventional and a shade expensive.

She wanted to look good for James. She was not married, but in that unromantic modern expression, she did cohabit. James Hayton was thirty-five; pleasant, attentive, loving, certainly good looking in a strong, masculine way. They had shared a house for nearly a year and Caroline was working hard at the relationship.

'I quite like this blouse and skirt,' she said to the *La Femme* assistant. Caroline indicated a grey blouse with full sleeves and a sea green, straight fitting skirt. 'I'm not sure about the size. How are they cut? I can usually take size 12.'

The assistant was in fact Diana Woodbridge, the owner who had built up the *La Femme* business over three hard years. Diana slipped a tape measure around Caroline's hips.

'39 inches,' she said, 'try this one. That should be right. That shade of green is a good choice, it will complement your colouring. Try it on.'

Caroline smiled and took the clothes to the fitting room. Once there, she examined herself critically in the mirror. Was she too fat? 39-inch hips. Were her thighs too heavy? What did James really think? Her reflection stared back. Her legs were well shaped; broad thighs, but no trace of fat. Her bottom swelled out, full, but finely rounded and firm. No flab. Still, 39 inches. Caroline frowned and stepped into the skirt.

It fitted like a glove. Beautiful. Even she had to admit that the curve of her legs and buttocks was shown to perfection. And the assistant was right about the colour; it did suit her.

She pulled back the curtain and stepped out of the cubicle. The attentive assistant was waiting and Caroline gave her a questioning glance.

'I like it,' she said.

'It's a good fit and suits you very well,' replied Diana. Inwardly she thought, 'I could kill for a figure like that. Some people have all the luck!'

Diana's figure was by no means bad, still slim and with good skin at forty-one years of age.

'Try the blouse as well,' she added.

Caroline took the grey blouse and stepped back into the cubicle. Without bothering to draw the curtain, she unbuttoned her own blouse and slipped it off. She stood revealed to Diana, her full breasts held proudly high, in a lacy white bra. 'This woman is gorgeous,' thought Diana, 'What has she done to deserve such a body?' As Caroline put on the grey blouse and buttoned it up, she said out loud. 'That does complete the look. I'd be very happy with that.'

There was no doubt, it was just right. Caroline nodded, then stripped the clothes off. Again Diana admired and envied her. Caroline dressed quickly and left the fitting room. She liked the outfit, but the price was high. Over £100 in total.

'I'm not sure. I'll think about it,' she said. She left *La Femme* and continued her way up the High Street. Diana Woodbridge shrugged to herself and turned her attention to the next customer.

Then the devil played with the

Corporal punishment of a shoplifter is an old story, told many times. Here, the theme illustrates two paradoxes that are even older; the co-existence of sensuous excitement with punishment and the co-existence of cruelty with loving care.

mind of Caroline Jennings. She wanted to see the green skirt again, wanted to feel the blouse and re-consider. She turned again towards *La Femme*. Back in the shop she went to the rack and picked out the green skirt. Then the devil struck. With a quick look round, Caroline grabbed the blouse and bundled both items into her shopping bag. Then she turned and walked swiftly towards the exit. But not swiftly enough. Diana Woodbridge was beside her at the door.

'Excuse me, what do you think you are doing?'

Caroline froze. What on earth was she doing? She was covered in confusion and stood helpless.

'Please come with me,' said Diana and drew her to the back of the shop and into the *La Femme* office.

Once in the office, Caroline collected her thoughts enough to speak, 'I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. It's ridiculous.'

'You were stealing from me,' said Diana angrily.

'I've never done it before,' cried Caroline, 'I don't shoplift.'

'Shoplifting is just a fancy word for stealing in my book. You are a thief!'

Caroline was nearly in tears. 'I'm so sorry, please let me pay. I've got enough money.'

'That's not good enough, I shall call the police.'

'No, please, just wait a minute. Let me say something.' But what could she say? There was no mitigation. Caroline gave her name and address; it was a good address. Then she made her request.

'Please may I phone my boyfriend? Please let me.'

Diana was still angry, but relented that much.

'Very well then, one call.' She pushed the phone towards the miscreant. With a shaking hand, Caroline picked up the phone and keyed James' office number. He answered immediately.

'Hello, James,' she paused.

He instantly recognised her voice 'What is it? You sound strange.'

'James, I'm in trouble. Please help me!'

'What trouble? Where are you?' he asked quickly.

'I'm in *La Femme*. You know, the clothes shop.'

'What's the matter?'

Caroline couldn't get the words out. 'I... I... I've... Oh! James, I've been caught.'

James Hayton Froze. Surely she couldn't have! She couldn't be so stupid. He must have misunderstood. 'OK. I'll be right down. Give me fifteen minutes and I'll be there.'

Caroline replaced the telephone and looked up at Diana. 'He's coming. James Hayton. He won't be long. Please wait till he's here,' she pleaded.

Diana could see no reason why she should, but wait she did. True to his word, James Hayton strode into the shop in less than the promised quarter of an hour.

'Are you alright?' he asked.

'Yes,' whispered Caroline.

'Please tell me what's going on here.' He looked enquiringly at the two women.

'I'm afraid your friend was stealing,' said Diana. 'I caught her red-handed.'

'Is that true, Caroline?' She nodded miserably.

'Tell me exactly what happened, please,' he demanded.

So the story was related. James Hayton looked grave. 'It does seem that the attempt might have been made,' he said. Diana looked outraged, but he held up his hand. 'You stopped her before she actually left the shop, so it is possible that it would not have happened,' he said to Diana. 'It is entirely out of character and I hope she would have thought better of it before actually leaving.'

Diana did not believe for one minute that Caroline would have thought better of it, but she realised she was on shaky ground with a prosecution.

'I still I think I should call the police,' she said.

'How will that help if a charge cannot be brought?' asked James.

'It will show it can't be tolerated. Why should it go unpunished?'

'There I agree with you, but there is more than one way to achieve that. Dare I ask you one more favour and let me have two minutes in private with Miss Jennings? Please?'

Diana succumbed to James Hayton's air of pleasant but firm authority.

'Very well, two minutes. You can stay here in this office.' She left, closing the door behind her.

After a few minutes James opened the door and called Diana to join them. Caroline was no longer tearful, but was sitting tense and white faced.

'Mrs. Woodbridge,' he said, 'you

are quite right that this matter cannot be allowed to pass. However, there are other means than calling the police. I know Miss Jennings intimately, and have suggested to her a course of action that I know will be effective. With your agreement, this can be arranged and the incident closed.'

'What are you proposing?' asked Diana.

'Miss Jennings will admit the theft and will apologise. She will then be punished by me. I shall whip her.'

Diana was astounded, 'Whip her! That's terrible! It's violence!'

'There you are wrong. It is not violence. There is a world of difference between violence and punishment. Miss Jennings will be thrashed with a cane and she will accept it as punishment.'

Diana's head whirled. 'What do you think?' she asked Caroline. 'Is this what you want?'

'I accept it,' she replied. 'I will do what James thinks is best.'

'How do I know?' cried Diana. 'You're trying to talk your way out. You'll just walk away and laugh at me!'

'Not at all,' said James. 'It will be done, and Miss Jennings will come to see you tomorrow morning with confirmation.'

In her confusion Diana agreed. 'Very well, do it. But I want the confirmation.'

'Thank you, Mrs Woodbridge. I'm very grateful,' said James sincerely. 'Come on, Caroline. It's time for us to go.'

James drove the wretched Caroline home. 'I must go back to work,' he said. 'Stay in the house and I'll see you this evening.'

She reached out and held his arm. 'Thank you James, thank you.' She dropped her tousled head, then quickly got out of the car and ran to the house.

The matter was not broached again until their evening meal. Then, 'We have some business,' said James.

'First, you will need a written note to take to Mrs Woodbridge in the morning. Go and write it. It must be an admission, apology and acceptance of punishment.'

'Yes, James,' said Caroline. She felt humiliated by having to write this note and she was frightened of what was to come. She was no stranger to corporal punishment. James had differentiated violence and punishment

at the shop but Caroline knew there was a third category, related to punishment. This was spanking or even caning for sensual and sexual pleasure. She had ventured into this field with James, far enough for him to possess a cane. She knew its biting sting and remembered its pain. But those occasions had been freely, even willingly entered into. And James had never hit her really hard. Just enough to make her yelp and raise a weal. And never more than six strokes at a time.

This was going to be different. This was going to be a full punishment caning. And she had to agree to it in writing! Still, she had absolute faith in James; he had rescued her from *La Femme*. The fault and the consequences were hers. Nervously, she pulled a piece of writing paper towards her. She wrote, and handed the paper to James.

I admit that I tried to take clothes from La Femme.

I apologise and agree to be punished.

James read it and looked up. 'That's not quite what I had in mind,' he said. 'I want a proper admission and make the apology sound more sincere. Then spell out the punishment.' Caroline returned to the table abashed. She took a new piece of paper and wrote.

I admit I attempted to shoplift from La Femme. I am very sorry indeed and fully apologise for this wrongdoing.

I agree that I should be punished for this by being caned.

She handed this second effort to James. 'It still doesn't tell us much, does it?' he said. 'Let's see. You don't have your name on it. Could be written by anyone. I suppose the admission and apology are almost there. Could be a bit more fulsome, though. But it really says nothing about the punishment. Why are you to be caned? By whom? What sort of caning is it to be? Is it just a couple of light taps on the hand? How can it be done? Are you going to accept the punishment? What if you don't?' He looked sternly at Caroline standing there waiting.

Suddenly Caroline understood the truth. It wasn't simply an admission that was being demanded. The writ-

ing of this dreadful document was part of her punishment. She had to spell it out. She had to plead to be punished and then specify it in graphic detail!

Very well, if that was what she had to do, she would do it. She squared her shoulders and packed up the paper without a word. She left the room and took herself upstairs. James would not reject her next effort. She sat alone at her dressing table and thought.

How could she detail her own punishment? She stared at her own reflection in the mirror and then began to write.

There were many false starts and it was over an hour before she returned to James and handed him her final effort.

I, Caroline Ruth Jennings, confess that I am a thief and admit that I attempted to steal clothing from La Femme. I deeply regret this and offer my sincere apologies for all the trouble I have so thoughtlessly caused.

It is necessary that I should be punished for this criminal act, and I request that James Hayton punish me accordingly.

I accept that corporal punishment with a cane is appropriate for my offence. I agree that I fully deserve to be caned and that I will accept this caning knowing it is right and proper.

I wish to be caned most severely. To ensure that I learn my lesson thoroughly, I respectfully ask that I be caned very hard indeed on my bare bottom. For the punishment to be effective, it is necessary that I receive a minimum of twelve strokes of the cane, given with utmost severity.

I undertake that when I am instructed to do so, I will immediately remove my skirt and pants, leaving my bottom bare for the cane. I will then bend over as instructed and position myself as required to receive my punishment. I will remain in this position without moving while my bottom is being caned. I agree to count the strokes of the cane loudly and clearly as each stroke is given to me.

Throughout my caning I request that the following penalties be rigorously enforced:

For miscounting or failing to clearly count a strike, repeat of stroke.

For deliberately blocking a stroke or covering my bottom with my hands, one extra stroke per incident.

For delaying the next stroke by excessive movement of failure to hold

my position, two extra strokes per incident.

For interrupting my punishment by jumping up from my position, recommence my caning from the beginning.

Signed,

C.R. Jennings

C.R. Jennings.

She waited anxiously while James read her statement through. Maybe she had missed things and it wasn't what he wanted. Worse, maybe she had overdone it. It was meant to be a punishment, not a sexual encounter, but there were clear sexual connotations in what she had written. James might think she was playing a game.

It was a huge relief when James looked up and said, 'That's much better. We can go with that. There is some contradiction between "staying still" and "excessive movement", but I admit I am nit-picking. You have done very well and I see you realise its intent.' He stood up and faced her. 'Are you now prepared?'

Caroline was quite calm. James had made her see what must be done, and she was ready to submit.

'Yes James,' she whispered, 'please punish me.'

'Then come upstairs.'

His reassuring strength helped her to walk with him up to their bedroom. Once there, she stood by the door, uncertain what to do next. James crossed to the wardrobe and got out the cane. Until now it had never inflicted a stroke in real earnest and Caroline shivered at the sight if it.

He stood at the end of the bed, holding the cane in his hand. 'Come here. Remove your skirt and pants. Now.'

There was no hesitation. Caroline's shaking hands unfastened the skirt, and both garments were slipped off and placed on her stool.

'Bend over the end of the bed and get your elbows and head right down on the quilt. Keep your legs straight and your bottom up.'

Nervously, Caroline bent forward over the bed. Taking up this position arched her back and pushed her bottom out and up. She felt her bottom was huge and dominated everything. She could think of nothing else but that hugeness as she waited.

James looked at the woman before him, bending over there waiting to be caned. That beautiful full figure was

naked from waist to foot. Her legs rose in shapely curves to broad thighs beautiful with pale silky skin. The twin orbs of her bottom swelled out, the curved expanse thrust up towards him for punishment. The shape and texture of those fabulous buttocks were faultless. No wonder she turned people's heads in the street. If only those people could see her now, a confessed thief about to be deservedly thrashed!

James Hayton rested the cane on the centre of her bottom and tapped it gently against her skin.

'Stay in position,' he said, 'and remember to count the strokes one to twelve.' He tapped the cane again. 'Are you ready?' Caroline made a small noise in her throat, followed by a strangled 'Yes'. She screwed her eyes up tight as James lifted his arm.

It took almost fifteen minutes to deliver the sixteen strokes that Caroline ultimately received. She gasped at the sudden shocking pain of the first stroke. Thereafter, the burning incandescent agony only increased as stroke followed stroke. As the cane thrashed across her bottom for the third time, the rising surge of pain suddenly flooded her eyes with tears that flowed down her face and onto the bed quilt. Between her gasps and sobs she screamed out the numbers of the strokes. 'Six!' then 'Eight!'. 'No,' said James, 'Count it again. The next one is seven.'

Her body bucked and twisted as she fought to control herself. Each time, James waited until she was still again, presenting her burning, welted bottom once more for yet another line of impossible agony to be striped across her flesh. The tip of the cane bit deep, burying itself in the soft skin, wrapping around her hips and straying down her thigh. After the ninth stroke she collapsed onto the bed, twisting her body around and holding out her arms towards her punisher.

'No more! I can't take it!' she gulped and sobbed. James gave her a few seconds to gain her composure.

'Get back in position. You can do it. You can.'

Whimpering piteously, Caroline dragged herself back in place, and the cane swished down again. But she had earned herself two penalty strokes.

Fifteen times in all that cane slashed across her bottom. Caroline lay on the bed, tears still running down her cheeks. But it was not fin-

ished.

'Get up,' James ordered, 'on your feet. Stand there and hold out your right hand.'

'My. . . My hand?' she faltered.

'Yes, your hand. Do it.'

Caroline slowly rose and held out her trembling hand.

'Keep it still.' James measured the cane across her hand while she followed its movement with frightened eyes. Then, *thwack*, the cane blazed across her palm. Caroline cried out and hugged the caned hand to her body, rocking to and fro.

'That was for the blatant sexuality of your written statement,' he said. 'An extra stroke for the hand that wrote it.' He laid down the cane on the bedroom chair.

It was over. James left her alone to weep and recover from her ordeal. Then he gently came to her, held her, kissed her, loved her, until finally she slept, secure in his protective arms.

One task remained. Caroline had to see Diana Woodbridge and confirm that she has been caned for her crime. She dreaded having to return to *La Femme*, but she knew that an undertaking had been given and she would go and do it. This was the third and final part of her punishment.

James wrote on the bottom of her shameful document, 'Punishment given' and signed and dated it. Caroline folded it and put it in her handbag.

'Do I have to go, James?' she asked hopefully.

'Yes you do. Confirmation was promised.'

'What if she doesn't believe what we wrote?' she asked.

'In that case, you do carry another piece of evidence with you.'

Caroline looked blankly at him, and then flushed as she realised what he meant.

'If it is necessary, you will,' he said firmly.'

Caroline nodded sadly and got ready to go out.

Diana Woodbridge was in turmoil. She had thought of little else but her shoplifter since the previous day. She was foolish not to have called the police, she thought. But James Hayton had been so persuasive with his calm polite air of authority. Was it all a deception? If not, was it right to have conspired in the physical punishment of an adult and highly attractive woman? Diana remembered Caroline's enviable gorgeous figure.

At the same time, there was a tremendous sense of satisfaction at the thought of those superb broad buttocks of hers being soundly whipped. The thought took away her anger at the theft. With an inner excitement that she knew she should not feel, Diana hoped that James Hayton had whipped her long and hard.

An hour after *La Femme* opened, Caroline Jennings came to see Diana in the shop.

'I have come to see you. It is done,' said Caroline with evident embarrassment. Diana drew her to the back of the shop. The anger was gone. What remained was a concern and compelling interest in what this woman had suffered.

'You were actually punished?' she asked.

'James caned me. He did it hard, and I let him.'

'Diana felt sudden compassion. 'I'm so sorry,' she said with real feeling.

'No, I deserved it. It's for me to apologise to you.'

'I'm still sorry.'

Caroline paused. 'You wanted confirmation. I have a signed statement,' she fumbled in her bag.

'Never mind that,' said Diana. 'Were you hurt badly?'

Caroline closed her bag, and in a sudden moment of intimacy stepped back in into the fitting room. Lifting her skirt, she pulled her panties aside to reveal the lines of purple welts and bruises covering her full bottom. Diana drew breath, her mind a whirl of conflicting emotions. She did not know what to say, but she reached out and squeezed Caroline's arm. 'Wait here,' she said.

Caroline rearranged her clothes and let her skirt fall. While she did this, Diana turned and walked purposefully across the shop, returning with a *La Femme* bag.

'Here, she said, thrusting the bag into Caroline's startled hands. 'this is for you. I want you to have it.'

Diana didn't understand why she had done this. She just knew that she wanted Caroline to wear the green skirt and grey blouse in which she had looked so wonderful and which she would find later in the *La Femme* bag.

Caroline left the shop, musing as she walked up the High Street. Without asking, she knew what Diana had given her. She also knew it was an invitation; an invitation to which her response could be most interesting. ●

READERS' LETTERS

All Janus readers' letters are edited versions of genuine letters received at our editorial offices — we don't make them up! Have you a fascinating experience to share with other readers? Go on, spell it out and send it to the Editor. Names and addresses are never disclosed. Photos of readers' wives and girlfriends in spanking situations are welcome too, so long as the model agrees to publication. We'll send a Model Release Form for any we hope to use in which faces are shown. Readers are reminded that it is our policy not to forward letters to our correspondents.

Sex, Sex and Sex

I have just returned from a trip to London and the obligatory visit to the *Janus* shop. This is always the highlight of my trips as I can catch up on the new issues.

Janus 91 has an excellent letter and article by M.T. of Cheshire which shows a mature balance in the art of C.P.

I am indelibly into C.P. as my previous letters to you have shown. I smack/spank/cane a pretty bottom every single day. Does that sound macho? I don't know, but — whatever it is — it is thanks to my loving girlfriend. We get up to a lot of things in the C.P. scene together — even though, she is not so obsessed as me.

- I cane her and she does not cane me (I explain an exception below).

- I beat her hard but I never hurt her (this is a contradiction and I explain the technique below).

- We use the cane for sexual stimulation and we rarely use caning as punishment (but we agree with M.T.'s philosophy).

- She only accepts to be caned for "punishment" symbolically.

M.T. writes with knowledge and we agree with everything that she says — except the bit about "want and need to feel the pain in full". We use the cane as a symbol and, indeed, we have made a "painless cane" with a padded shaft. This allows the caner to use maximum force and to discharge anger without restraint but avoids physical injury to the canee. Most importantly, a "painless cane" enables one to enjoy twice and thrice-daily sessions and for your little beauty to be willing to come back for more (which she would never do if she was beaten in reality as punishment).

So many people write from ignorance and do not seem to know that the rattan cane is a very potent implement which

can inflict huge damage. A "proper" caning leaves ugly bruises which take three weeks to disappear.

Mary Quant is credited with saying that "nothing is more attractive than fresh sweat and nothing less attractive than stale sweat". I would use a similar phrase for caning, nothing being more attractive than the slim red "tram lines" over newly caned buttocks, but who could find it pleasing to have to look at yellow-blue bruises that have spoiled that lovely young backside for weeks? The only solution would be to have 21 pretty girls to cane in a three week cycle... but we can only do that in our dreams.

So, cane with care and like that you can raise the lovely little welts on your partner's delicious derriere to last an hour or two and be able to start anew on virgin territory as soon as you are ready to rise to the occasion again.

A few years ago, my girlfriend and I had a terrible argument and actually came to blows. This discharged our anger but it had been a horrible, messy scene. It was brutal and did nothing to solve things. We were both shocked by what we had done and sat in silence in the aftermath. We both knew that we had behaved dreadfully and almost in unison we said "We both deserve to be caned". Without more words we both stripped naked and gave each other six of the hardest strokes of the cane. Somehow both of us took them without flinching. After the caning we both felt relieved. We had deserved it. It lifted our guilt. The incident was closed. We kissed and hugged each other with genuine love.

Caning is an art. It combines the thrill of fear, pain, exposure, submission... with a form of courage and pride. Badly used it is a torture, well used it is a elegant art. Its sexual essence should never be forgotten and, if

used as punishment, remember Sacher Masoch's words "that all pain and all happiness are firstly theatrical".

We like M.T.'s headlines: Forgiveness, Atonement, Balance, Energy, Trust, Justice... but would add three more titles: Sex, Sex and Sex.

Yours ever,

J.A.S.
Paris

Stranger & Stranger

I read Carol T's story in *Janus* 108 about her fantasy of being caned in front of a complete stranger with great interest. My wife who is also very submissive had a slightly different fantasy that she made a reality a little over ten years ago. The difference was that she wanted to actually be caned by a complete stranger.

Sarah and I first met in the seventies. She was twenty three and I was a couple of years older. Fifteen years later we are as strong as ever and CP is a very important part of our sex lives.

I was old enough to have experienced the cane in the more traditional way and Sarah was always fascinated by my recollections of being caned — how many strokes did I get, was I touching my toes or bending across a desk, was it in front of anyone or in private and did I have to lower my trousers etc. Many wonderful love sessions followed conversation going through the whole detail.

It was not long before we started to experiment — and Sarah loved a spanking before we made love. Soon she wanted more and through the acquisition of straps and paddles we finally purchased a cane from your Old Compton Street shop.

Starting lightly, it soon became obvious that Sarah want-

ed and could take a decent caning. Often I was amazed at how she could take a reasonably severe six of the best — and the marks would almost be gone by morning.

All of this was, of course, part of our private sex life — but on many occasions it was becoming clear that Sarah had one overwhelming fantasy — to be caned by a complete stranger. She wanted to go beyond the pure "sexual canings" we enjoyed — to a caning that she had no choice in which to accept and one that would humiliate her.

Over a couple of years she often talked about her fantasy and how she could make it a reality. Initially I laughed the fantasy off — but as time went on it became clear that she was becoming increasingly adamant that one day she wanted to achieve this very personal fantasy.

She talked about using a contact magazine, but I was concerned about her safety, especially as she wanted this fantasy to be achieved alone. Often she asked me whether I knew anyone who could help her make this fantasy a reality.

My emotions were mixed. Whilst I did not want anyone else giving a Sarah a caning, I wanted to find a way that she could act out a fantasy that was very deeply held.

Eventually I suggested that we speak to a Master from my old school who was a relatively active user of the cane in my day. At that point he would have been in his mid-fifties and being so much older he would not serve to be a threat. He would be someone that Sarah had never met, but at the same time would be trustworthy in the use of the cane.

Following a bizarre phone call with my ex-History Master we agreed to meet. I explained the situation to him and not surprisingly he agreed to help — who would turn down such an

READERS' LETTERS

offer? Part of the deal was that he was not to meet Sarah until she turned up for her punishment.

In order to achieve Sarah's fantasy we agreed the following criteria:

Sarah would undress as directed by him.

Sarah would take whatever position was required by him.

Sarah would take no less than six strokes of the cane. The strokes would be firm without being vicious.

Sarah would provide the cane.

Once the caning was over Sarah would simply get dressed and leave.

He pointed out that normally a caning from start to finish was only a matter of five minutes and — as Sarah wanted this to be a memorable fantasy — it was agreed that he would find ways of extending the experience to, say, half an hour.

It was also agreed that I would not attend — Sarah was anxious to experience this caning alone.

When I told Sarah about my meeting with my ex-History Master she became excited and it was agreed that she would go to his house after work on the Wednesday of the following week.

The day in question soon arrived — and in the morning Sarah took extra trouble getting ready for work. She put on her suspenders and stockings together with one of her nicest bras and pants etc. As I kissed her goodbye she told me to be ready for her return that evening.

It was a very strange feeling later that day when I knew she would be getting her caning — but I did not have to wait long for Sarah to return home about an hour later than usual. I didn't know what to expect and was surprised to find her looking exactly as she left that morning — the only clue was that her make up had run.

She then told me of her experience. On arrival, my ex-History Master had made her welcome with a cup of coffee, before running through a catalogue of things that she had done wrong (incidents that I fed him).

As she spoke he evidently became more stern before even-

tually telling her that he had decided to administer a severe caning.

He told her that the caning would have to be on the bare bottom and that she must be prepared to be humiliated. In all he told her to expect the punishment to last about half an hour.

She explained that he told her to undress in front of him, removing everything except her bra and pants. She described the excitement and embarrassment of taking her clothes off in front of a complete stranger. This was the point that Sarah described her fantasy starting to come to life.

To her surprise she was told to remove her suspender belt and stockings. She was then told to stand in front of my ex-History Master, to her, a perfect stranger — nude apart from bra and pants, whilst he again went through her misdoings. She was then told to remove her pants which left her nude except for her bra — and to place her hands on her head and stand still for five minutes. She told me how conscious she was of him looking at her bottom and pubic hair.

She described her feelings at this point of complete humiliation coupled with the excitement and fear of the caning to come.

Eventually he left to return with the cane that Sarah had given him from the boot of our car. She was told to move to the middle of the room and with her feet twelve inches apart to touch her toes with her legs straight.

He then left her bending over for what she described as an inordinate time before telling her to expect her caning to begin in sixty seconds. She described this as being one of the worst parts — bending over with her bare bottom offered to this complete stranger — just waiting. (We have since introduced this waiting into our own CP sessions).

She then told me how he had administered the caning with each of the six strokes coming every twenty seconds. She described the strokes as hard — harder than she was used to from me but not brutal.

She had often described the caning as almost a climax — whilst it was painful — it was what she had come for — and waiting for each stroke was awful — the caning itself almost

READER'S PHOTO OF THE MONTH

We just know our readers have some great pictures! If you want to prove it, send your prints (only) to: The Photo Editor, *Janus*, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. There will be an award of £10 to the sender of the best in each issue. Unfortunately no entries can be returned.

There's just one thing to remember — if you show the model's face she'll need to sign a model release form consenting to publication. We'll send you one on receipt of suitable pictures.



Winner this issue is L. W. of Leicester

over too quickly.

She was then told to stand and face him with her hands again on her head. He then asked her whether she felt she had sufficient punishment against her misdeeds. To my amazement she told him that she felt she needed a little more to fully learn her lesson. He pulled a chair from the nearby table and told her to bend over the back and reach down and grasp the bottom front legs. He then told her to think about why she had asked for a further caning for a minute of two before delivering a further six strokes again at twenty second intervals.

She was told to stand and

again put her hands on her head whilst he told her that she was free to return at any time should she feel that further punishment was merited.

Sarah then dressed and left. It was did not take long on her return for her to show me the state of her bottom — with all twelve strokes leaving their marks within a six inch area across the "meat" of her bottom. Soon after we were sharing an amazing session.

Although Sarah never returned, I know that making her fantasy a reality gave her an experience that she will never forget — and one that has con-

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tributed enormously to our mutual sex life.

Brian P.,
SW1

Oh Carol

Picture of the month *Janus* 108 was won by M.B. of Grimsby, and very well deserved too if I may say. The picture has an impact which conveys at a glance all the emotive symbolism which stirs most of us who indulge in the CP experience.

The elements of the photograph which create this so strongly are the use of the padded trestle over which Judith has been made to bend — no movement permitted or tolerated here obviously. The low camera angle with the lens looking upward from, and including, the backs of the knees. The stocking clad legs, well parted and stretched out behind, stiff and straight from the knees, up along the thighs to the stocking-tops,

which are kept taut by neat white suspenders; the knickers are lowered and deposited at this height, fully exposing the beautiful bare bottom which is raised to a height and perfectly tilted to the satisfaction of M.B., of course. All this and more — by lowering the gaze to just below the knickers and between the parted thighs can be seen the submissively bowed head of the disobedient one, features passive, though unrecognisable, with arms stretched out towards the floor. Bare bottom hoisted high for the spanking. We have to thank the imagination and the generosity of M.B. of Grimsby for allowing us to savour and enjoy this fabulous sight. I hope he will continue to send to *Janus* lots more pictures of the discipline of Judith.

In the same issue, there is a long awaited report from Mrs. Carol T., the history of whose lovely bottom I have followed with great interest for some time now. I am very pleased to read that it has been caned in the presence of a witness. An ex-Headmaster, how delicious. . . also a complete stranger to boot.

He sat relaxed in an armchair sipping a drink while Carol's bare bottom was presented to him via the toe-touching position. At his suggestion the previously agreed six of the best was increased to seven as Carol had jumped about a bit after an extra hard stroke, he and David decided that the extra cut was well deserved and worth it.

Since the incident, Carol had been concerned that, by her hopping from foot to foot in pain she might have afforded the stranger more of a view than she hoped his searching and inquisitive gaze would see. He was after all sitting immediately behind her with his enraptured eyes fixed on her bouncing rump. Who can tell what her jostling buttocks may have revealed? I hope that Carol will think well on this, and savour the extra humiliation the thought of it may bring.

When knickers have to be taken down in order to apply a spanking or the cane, one of the reasons for their removal is to create the humiliation that is accepted as part of the ritual of corporal punishment. Thus a bare and well presented bottom should always be positioned to clearly display a parted cleft, allowing to be seen whatever may be seen, by whoever happens to be present.

S.B.,
Hants

Praise Indeed

I felt that I must write to congratulate you on *Janus* 110.

I wholeheartedly approve of the "new look" that the magazine has been given. One of my criticisms of *Janus* in recent years has been that too much room was devoted to photographs at the expense of the written word.

I would like to see more articles such as your Rear End feature, Johanna Edwards — A life with the Cane, which was most enjoyable. Emma who featured in the photo-fantasy was a delight, as was the splendid colour photo of Sharon's smacked bottom on page 30. Altogether, a super issue containing excellent photographs

and intelligent, stimulating writing. This is the formula that has made *Janus* the supreme champion of CP publications and it looks like it's going to continue for many years to come.

K.F.,
Norwich

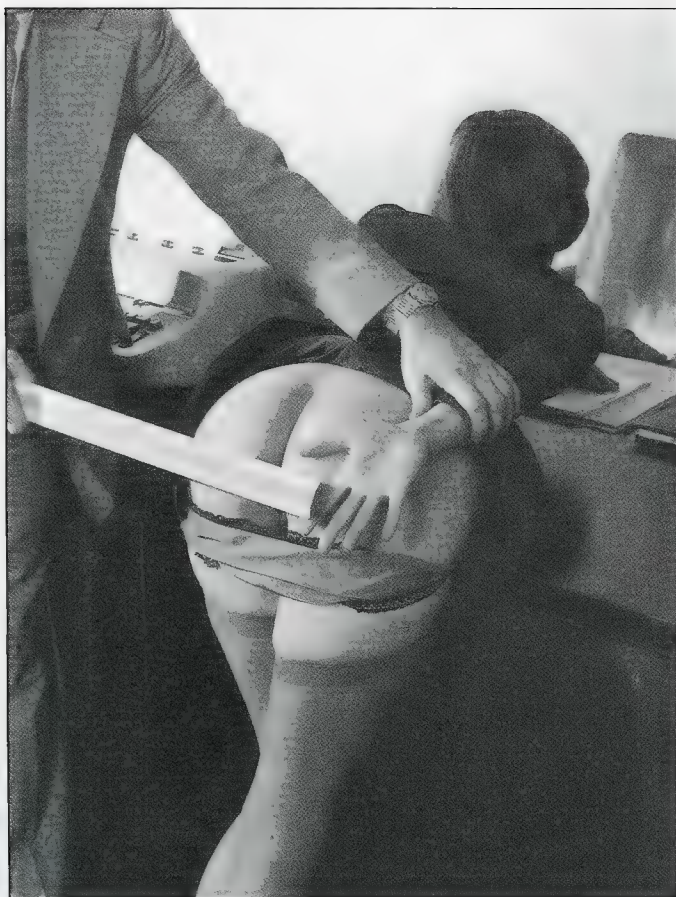
Lucy and Juicy

At the age of 28 I would imagine that most women and a fair proportion of men would envy my position in life. Single, slim, reasonably good looking, own luxury flat, University Degree and a job. That job is with a stock-broking partnership, pays £40K per annum, with partnership prospects. Not bad for a girl in a man's world!

However, it has been attained at some cost. I have worked almost solidly since leaving University and the job had become my life — no hobbies, no boyfriends etc. The senior partner, a kindly old gent of the old school, expressed his worries about me in a review meeting recently and had almost dictated that I should put some work distractions into my life. I accepted what he said and knew exactly what I needed.

What I needed was not just a rest but to be disciplined. I had long fantasised about being punished, spanked, caned even and humiliated. As my position at work became more powerful the thoughts began to get to me until now I was aching for those desires to be fulfilled. Up to now fantasy is all that I had.

The problem is — how does a 28 year old girl go about getting her bottom spanked? Naive though I am, I knew men could simply pay for it — but a girl!! Who would do the deed for me? Certainly I wouldn't use anyone at work for the preservation of my position there and, anyway, the young male "whizz-kids" are such drunken children when away from work. So, who? I had no social life. I really didn't know anyone. It took me two weeks to choose a suitable victim — I say victim, I intended to stay firmly in charge of the situation.



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Every Friday afternoon I leave work at 4.00 and after a shower and change I go to my grandad's (2 miles drive) and cook him tea. Mum and Dad now live 200 miles away so I am his only regular visiting relative. After tea, about 6.30, a young local lass called Lucy (whom I imagined to be about 18 or 19) comes and walks him down to the Community Centre for a session at Bingo. She then returns him at 8.30. Grandad is now in his 80's with failing eyesight and legs and Lucy earns a couple of pounds for this service. Lucy was my victim. She was quite small — always dressed in jeans and jumper with chewing gum in her mouth. Not over-intelligent I thought, but pleasant and lively.

Last Friday I asked her how she passed the time between dropping Grandad off and picking him up and she told me that she strolled across the road to the local pub where she worked on Monday and Tuesday evenings and chatted to friend over a bitter lemon. I asked if next week she could return to Grandad's house for the hour because I would like to discuss something with her. She looked surprised — why would I, a "woman of the world", want to discuss anything with her? — but she agreed. And so the plan was laid and for the first time I felt nervous.

Over the week I went over my plan again and again. The object was to get Lucy to spank and humiliate me and for her to leave thinking no more about it. Firstly I bought some clothes. My normal wardrobe consisted of "power dressing" business suits, posh evening wear, or jeans, joggers and jumpers. So I went to a trendy boutique and pretending that I was purchasing items for my younger sister who was the same size as me, I purchased two short flared mini-skirts, some high-heels, a couple of loud blouses and sexy underwear. As the week went by I became more and more nervous. I tried the outfits on at home and actually blushed as I looked at myself in the mirror. The skirt hem hardly covered my undies and if I bent down — well, I thought of calling it off but I knew my excitement would always overcome my fears.

Friday came, I bathed and

dressed. White bra and panties, white blouse, black mini and black stilettos. It was a warm evening and my legs were very tanned from a recent holiday with my parents in Sardinia, so I did not bother with tights. Donning a calf-length light "mac" I drove to Grandad's. He didn't notice my apparel as we ate as normal but I was becoming terribly apprehensive. My stom-



ach churned, my mouth was dry, I had hot and cold flushes and visited the loo frequently. I rehearsed my lines and persuaded myself that the next few hours were the culmination of years of desire, weeks of planning and that I must go through with it.

A knock on the door and in breezed Lucy, 'Good God Steph — on promise are we?'

'What do you mean Lucy?' I said unconvincedly.

'Your outfit Steph.' I asked if she thought I was too old for modern clothes or if I hadn't got the figure for it but she reassured me on both counts. Then grabbing Grandad's arm and with a cheery, 'See you in half an hour' they were gone. That half hour seemed like an eternity and I suffered all means of emotions. Suddenly she was back and sat on the settee and with a jaunty 'Right Steph what do you want to discuss?'

I knew I was at the point of no return. I sat in the chair opposite and nervously tugged down the hem of my skirt at the front. I

felt sure she could see straight up it and another thrill raced through me.

'Well, Lucy, I want your advice as a woman.' I started confidently. 'You see I've been offered a job by my firm in Sierra Leone — that's in Africa you know.' Obviously Lucy didn't know which helped. 'It's an extra £30,000 per annum and I wondered whether to take it or

punishment outfit and chastise me,' I blurted.

'And you don't feel you could handle that, Steph.'

I nodded. There was a long pause and I didn't know how to continue. Surely the plan couldn't fail now.

'Just let me get this right Steph — they take you to this house and put you in a punishment outfit and then what — spank you?' I nodded. Another long silence and then Lucy's eyes flickered.

'Oh I see — you're in a kind of punishment outfit now and you want me to spank you to see if you can go ahead.'

'Yes, Lucy — you don't mind do you? — say 20 minutes of spanking and humiliation so that I know what I'm letting myself in for. It would have to be kept quiet though — you mustn't tell but I really do have to find out before I accept the job.'

'No problem, Stephanie, no problem. Shall we start now?' Lucy was obviously warming to the task. 'Right, Stephanie, I'm in charge for the next 20 minutes and you've been sent to me for punishment — OK?'

'OK,' I said and stood up. This was it — the plan had worked — in one hour Lucy would be doing whatever she did on a Friday evening and I would be back home with a sore red bottom and fulfilled fantasy.

'Come here, Miss.' The harshness in Lucy's voice took me by surprise but I walked and stood in front of her.

'Curtsey!'

'What?' I said.

'Curtsey,' she repeated louder and more dominantly. She was a good actress.

I held the hems of my skirt and curtseyed low and dignified.

'You know the rules, you have erred and will be punished. You will be spanked hard — do you understand?'

I nodded.

'Right over my lap — now!'

I slowly lowered myself over her lap until my nose touched the carpet whilst my toes hovered just above it. I reached back with my right hand to pull down my skirt at the back which I felt sure had ridden up. My hand was roughly slapped away. I waited whilst Lucy adjusted her knees until I was correctly and com-

not.'

Lucy look puzzled. 'Can't see a problem Steph — for £30,000 basic, let alone extra, I'd be stood at the airport now.'

'But there are setbacks you see, Lucy. I shall be working in the capital city and firms like ours have to abide by local customs. You know, some of these customs are a little strange to say the least and I don't know whether I could cope with them. So I thought I'd ask you.'

'£30,000 and I'd cope with any customs,' said Lucy. 'What's the problem?'

'Well if I do anything wrong at work there and we all make errors sometimes, they have an odd discipline procedure.'

'Go on,' said Lucy beginning to look bored.

'Well they don't fine or reprimand you,' I said. 'you are sent to the punishment house for a day — well the women are anyhow, and you are punished.'

'Still seems OK for the money,' said Lucy.

'But they may put me in a

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fortably positioned for her. This is it, I thought to myself as I surveyed at close quarters the carpet directly in front of me. I cannot surmise what my thoughts were — they were so jumbled. I felt the skirt being pulled up at the back and rucked in the waistband.

'Let's warm these little panties up first,' I heard Lucy say and felt her hands on my bottom smoothing out what suddenly became my most suitable garment.

Thwack! Her hand landed on my right cheek. *Thwack!* Another on the left cheek. I gasped more in surprise than pain. *Thwack!* *Thwack!* *Thwack!* My brain was numb, my bottom began to hurt as the spank strained down. All I could think of was the degrading sight I must be portraying with my panty-clad bottom high in the air. After what appeared a long time the spans stopped and I felt Lucy rubbing my rump. Suddenly it all felt great. The sharp stinging had stopped and a warm glow was beginning. I felt my sexual excitement rising.

'Hitch up, let's get these panties down.'

'No,' I said by instinct — an expression which immediately produced a flurry of short sharp spans and my prompt raising of the hips. I felt the panties slowly eased over my bottom and down my thighs to rest, I imagined, undignified at my knees.

'All the black people in Africa would love to see young Missy's white bottom,' Lucy taunted. 'Not that it's pure white now, more a blotchy pink,' and she fingered it here and there before proceeding with the spanking.

'Fancy a big girl like you having to have her panties pulled down and her bottom smacked.'

The taunting was lost on me. The new spans on my bare behind sounded like spans should and although I felt the pain there was an overriding excitement in my loins. I started to moan, I started to wriggle. The little skirt had ridden up at the front and my groin was in contact with the material and her jeans. I spread my legs as far as the panties would allow and began to involuntarily grind my crutch into her legs.

'It's a pity there's not audience to see you wriggle and squirm.' Lucy taunted, 'who's got a red botty?' She said as she fingered my cleft.

'I've got a red botty,' I murmured and became quite light-hearted as I felt my crutch become juicier and juicier. One last salvo and it was over.

'Stand' she commanded. I crawled off her lap and stood up with difficulty, my hands involuntarily clutching my burning rear. I tried to compose myself and was glad to feel the little skirt fall into place and hide my wet quim. I made to pull up my panties but was met with a quick rebuke.

'No Missy — that's just the spanking — now the humiliation. Go stand facing the wall there, leave those panties stretched between your knees, hands on head with your red bottom on show for all to see that naughty girls end up with sore bums.'

I stood facing the wall for some 5 minutes I guessed and tried to compose myself. My bottom itched rather than hurt and my juices were still flowing. Anytime now I thought she'd come across, ask how I was. Then she'd go and get Grandad and I'd return to my flat. I knew exactly what I was going to do there. On reflection the plan had worked well and the experience was all that I had expected and more. The next problem was to think up another way in which I could obtain the desired result. Standing there really heightened the humiliation — knowing my red rump was on display. 'Come on Lucy.' I thought, 'I can't stand the suspense much longer and my sexual excitement was at fever pitch. I could hear Lucy at Grandad's bookshelf but eventually she came over. I dropped my hands but Lucy shouted not just yet and I replaced them on my head.

I was aware of a ruler patting my inner thighs. 'Which part of Africa is Sierra Leone in?' asked Lucy.

'Oh centralish.' I replied. 'And what is the name of the capital you will be working in?' she asked.

'You know, Lucy, I can't remember,' I said feeling fidgety.

Whack! The ruler landed full



force across both my bare cheeks and then again. 'I'll tell you why you don't know Stephanie — it's because there is no job is there? There is no £30,000?' The ruler came down twice more.

'Lucy, you don't understand!' I stammered between yelps.

'Oh I think I do, Stephanie, I think I do.' The ruler was now between my legs again gently patting upwards to my crutch. 'You liked what I just did to you didn't you? — you've wet my jeans haven't you, you randy girl? — there's no job — you're just using me to fulfil your sexual fantasies aren't you? You're a randy girl who likes to have her bottom smacked aren't you? This is red hot isn't it?' She continued to pat my crutch.

My denials soon melted away and were replaced by my begging her not to tell but that she was absolutely right.

'Take your knickers right off and straddle the arm of the settee,' she said. I did immediately. The big padded arm spread my cheeks wide. 'You want spank-

ing — you'll get a spanking!'

The ruler descended rapidly for numerous minutes all over my bottom and thighs right down to my knees. The pain was intense and I was soon crying and begging for mercy. I promised her everything. By the time she had finished with me I was a blubbing wreck. I stood up gingerly and rubbed my rear vigorously. 'Please don't tell.' I sobbed, all resistance broken but still my sexual appetite was uppermost as the considerable pain began to subside and the glow spread.

'I will decide tonight what I'm going to do with you,' she said and my stomach churned. 'Are you out tomorrow at all?'

'Yes — all morning,' I stammered.

'Then I will leave my instructions on your answer-phone. In the meantime you can walk with me to the Community Centre and then walk home. Leave your car and this mac here.'

'But,' I stuttered, 'people may...'

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'People may see the spank marks on your legs — I know,' she smiled, 'and if there is a puff of wind this little skirt will flop up and reveal more. Well it's just the price you haughty girls have to pay — its called humiliation — that's what you wanted isn't it? So that's what you've got.'

I stared at her then looked round for my discarded panties. Looking back at her I saw her lolled against the sideboard with the panties dangling down from the end of the ruler. 'Shall I let you have them or not?' she smirked.

This was the final humiliation — I found myself on my knees pleading with her to let me wear the froth of white frillies — begging a girl 9 years my junior for the return of my panties.

She relented and I slowly eased them over my bottom. Pulling the hem of the mini down as far as possible, I grabbed my bag and walked with her to the Community Centre.

All the way she patted my bottom and told me how obvious the spank marks were on the back of my thighs. She repeated the fact that she would leave a message on the answer-phone tomorrow morning and, with one last remark about sleeping on my tummy, she disappeared into the Community Centre.

I rushed home for safety but as red faced as another part of my anatomy. I masturbated — I masturbated again. I consistently examined my poor bottom and eventually I went to bed. I lay on my tummy not because of my lingering pain but because Lucy had told me to. I had a restless night — I was now in Lucy's control — I knew it. Tonight, on reflection, had made my wildest dreams come true. Would the phone call tomorrow bring disaster or bliss?

B.B.,
NW1

Bring Back The Classics

Judging from an editorial comment in issue No. 110, it would seem that the contents of *Janus*, under its new editor (welcome, Sir) will continue to be deter-

mined, to some extent at least, by the stated preference of its readers. Given this, I thought I would offer a few observations of my own.

Of course, what I should REALLY like to see in a CP magazine is a photo sequence in which a beautiful young woman is actually being spanked, not merely pretending to be so. And I should like the assurance of the editor that he/she would never insult the reader's integrity to the extent of trying to pass off fictional writing as factual report. In Heaven, maybe.

I certainly appreciate and approve of the "new look" *Janus* has been given. As someone with a particular fondness of an over-the-knee hand-spanking, I have to say I was a little disappointed to find no examples of this delectable activity in the main photo sequences, but I trust they will continue to appear, from time to time, in future issues.

Personally, I am not much of a fan of CP fiction, and I would be perfectly content with a magazine comprised exclusively of photos and drawings. I realise I may not be among the majority in this.

But having said that, I would like to read more factual and informative articles. For example, recently I had the opportunity to peruse a large



collection of Victorian CP prints, and I was struck, not to say disappointed, by the complete absence of shots depicting over-the-knee hand-spanking. Is the "classic" and "old-fashioned" over-the-knee position, then, actually a fairly recent innovation? When does the first reference to its use appear in literature? (Does the *Janus* photo library contain any Victorian over-the-knee hand-spanking?) I should like to be informed about this and other sundry CP matters in well-researched articles.

What I should like to see most of all, however, is a definite guide to spanking in the movies, with brief plot synopses and relevant stills. I understand that the American CP publication **STAND CORRECTED** (unavailable in the UK, so far as I know) recently ran something of this sort, listing and illustrating some 70 films in all. (And let's face it, the sad and remarkable truth is that Maureen O'Hara, Paulette Godard, et al actually receive in those old Hollywood films something closer to a real spanking, albeit clothed, than the models (gorgeous and deliciously naked though they often are) in *Janus*. At least a certain degree of bottom-smacking is undoubtedly going on).

If the provision of such an invaluable TV guide does not appeal to you for some reason, perhaps one of your readers would be kind enough to supply a list of relevant films, via the letters page.

Finally, I'd like to add my voice to the chorus of disapproval over the continuing ban on schoolgirl scenarios in CP publications. How utterly absurd it is that we cannot even be allowed to see a grown woman pretending to have her bottom smacked if she is dressed in a certain costume! I do not know who is responsible for this choice piece of arrant stupidity and basic human rights-infringement, but the moment I find out I intend to send the entire unruly flock of St. Trinian's sixth-formers to their homes to deal with them.

Yours Sincerely,

F.H.,
Staffs

P.S. The gently rosied bottom depicted on page 32 of issue No. 110 was greatly appreciated. I look forward to seeing more artfully tinted photos in the future.

● *Janus* plan to feature an updated A-Z of cinema spankings in the near future — Ed.

The Independent,

13.9.95:

In Saudi Arabia, the girls are held down by a police-woman while they are whipped by a man. In the United Arab Emirates, they are ordered to lie on a bench to be lashed, though sometimes their hands are shackled above their heads. As an Asian diplomat put it apologetically: 'They must be restrained in case they run amok during the beatings.'

For supposed immoral behaviour or theft, a Philippino, Sri Lankan or Indian maid in the Arab Gulf can expect up to 200 lashes with a bamboo cane no thicker than a man's finger. Islamic justice had condemned hundreds of young women to be flogged in the Gulf in the past three years. Floggings are always administered by a man who leans over the girl to cane her in the presence of both male and female officers. The man who lashes the girl has to hold a Koran under his right arm as he beats her. This is to reduce the pain he can inflict, because he can not move his upper arm for fear he will drop the Koran in the dust.

Daily Telegraph,

20.10.95:

Beating the Odds

A man was given 20 lashes for disguising himself as a woman to ride in the female section of a bus for a bet.

THE REAR...

Fantasies and facts, articles, poems, gossip, stories, photographs, reviews and critiques — in fact anything about the world of CP. If you'd like to join in please write to: The Rear End, **JANUS**, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB.

Tell me: what for you is the most exciting aspect of administering a spanking?

Come on now; be honest. Is it the sound of your assured hand impacting on pneumatic woman-flesh? Is it the sight of smooth, unblemished skin waiting for you —

begging you — to suffuse it with crimson justice?

Is it the aura of trepidation and the scent of nervous contrition emanating from her nubile form? What about the sweet, pleading song of repentance and the squirmings of submission?

Or is it the victory of the ultimate seduction? For, surely, gentlemen, that is what the act entails? It begins with your desire, progresses through persuasion (gentle or otherwise) to the performance and satisfaction of your lusts to, ultimately, the awakening of the lady's latent appetites.

Can a willing, enthusiastic, colluding partner ever invoke the same awe and fulfilment as one who requires cajoling, initiating, reassuring? Are the urgings of the veteran spankee anywhere near as musical as the lamentations of the punishment-virgin?

I cannot — and would not presume to — know the exact nature of your interest in the subject. It is entirely your business whether you are a seasoned expert in the chastisement of errant females, or your involvement begins and ends with the images on the pages of this magazine. Right now we are concerned only with fantasies, the realm of the imagination and the land of the ideal world where everybody spans happily ever after.

Open your mind. Picture your perfect punishment partner. Young or middle-aged; blonde or brunette, waifishly-slender or robustly curvaceous, the choice is yours.

You meet her socially or through work: so we can assume that you can talk easily and are relaxed in each other's company. You date, following whatever constitutes your usual courtship ritual, and she shows that attractive blend of confidence and passivity. You know you want to spank her, but oblique references dropped casually into conversations show that she has no experience — barely any concept — of the things you are suggesting.

You like being with her, but you'd like to deal with her rear

end even more. You find yourself watching her slightest movement, analysing her smallest gestures and inflections, waiting for her to issue some sub-conscious invitation to up-end her. You become obsessed with the way she shifts her weight and eases her hips sideways, model-style, before sitting down. You fantasise all day about the way her clothes mould themselves around her hips; you recall how she unthinkingly hooked a finger into the hem of her swimsuit to adjust its fit over her buttocks as she emerged, dripping, from the swimming pool, or how tempting it was to swat her when she reached across the dining table to adjust a place-setting. Naked, clothed or somewhere in between, her bottom is forever on your mind. Your fingertips tingle with the phantom touch of her gossamer lingerie veiling the yielding, fleshy cushions of your desire.

It is essential that you give her time to develop a sense of trust, despite the real, physical ache that seems an ever-present companion in your life. Then the true seduction can begin. Seemingly casual, but actually with deliberate intent, you start courting her most alluring feature. It begins with absent-minded pats as she passes and develops into prolonged caresses. You comment on the flattering cut of her clothes or express disappointment when her posterior is swamped in ill-fitting fabric. When making love (to whatever degree), you pay her

The Novelty of the Novitiate

by Julia Holmes

bottom especial attention, showing her how central this region is to her sexuality and sensuality, to your mutual arousal and satisfaction.

And you touch it all the time.

Your fingernails trace the contour of her visible panty line. Your palms massage the aroused globes during moments of high passion; your lips kiss them in gentle post-coital repose. You knead the yielding flesh with mounting intensity until she craves your touch there more than any other form of love-play.

Now you can move on.

She must not become alarmed, but you want the occasion to be "special" so you create some spurious reason for celebration: a three-week anniversary of your meeting; a success at work or whatever. You arrange normal celebratory activities: a meal, a show or nightclub. You eat and drink enough to be relaxed but not so much so that either of you will become incapable of consummation. There can only be one first-time, and it must not be wasted or lost in a haze of alcoholic amnesia. Moderation, restraint and patience are your essential allies tonight.

You return home, happy, and cosily ensconced with drinks or coffee (or even cocoa). You have paid her close attention all evening, but have refrained from touching her in any way other than from courtesy or function. She has not consciously noted your restraint, but now she is desperate for your touch and takes the initiative by placing her palms on your chest and leaning assertively towards you for kissing. This is the time for you to act. If you reciprocate her pettings the moment will be lost and you will be led into conventional — albeit pleasant — sexual activities and the grand scenario will have to be set up all over again on another occasion.

Taking her wrists firmly in your hands, you tell her tonight you want to try something different; something she will enjoy immensely if she will just relax, do exactly as she is told, and trusts you. Her eyes are large and liquid as she scans your face for traces of cruelty or anger. To allay her fears, you kiss her once,



softly on her forehead, then step away, appraising her.

Naturally she is nervous, but she is also curious. She stands before you in her "going out" finery, hands clasped demurely in front, head submissively down, but with those enquiring eyes raised and searching you for clues of your intent.

You circle her, looking her over, stroking her bottom in passing and she is grateful for this

touch. You sit in front of her and tell her to remove her dress. Feeling confident — she knows by now how much you appreciate her body — she strips to her underwear, hesitating to see whether you want this removed too. Instead you tell her to turn and face away from you and again you look at her in silence. From this angle, her panties are level with your eyes. They are white, lacy, expensive and fit her

.....END

perfectly. You gaze appreciatively at the filigree band spanning her hips just above the base of her spine, flirting at the beginning of the tantalising division between her bottom-cheeks showing as a muted shadow through the semi-sheer fabric. The legs are cut high, swooping down to vanish between her thigh-tops, exposing the lower parts of her buttocks and the flawless flesh that vanishes eventually to the ornate tops of her self-supporting stockings.

Upon your quiet instruction she leans forward, her hands resting on her knees, her bottom jutting out towards you, rounded, desirable, the panties drawn tighter and higher, revealing yet more of her inviting rear. A single finger is designated to explore the naked skin and you are rewarded by a puckering of the touched area and a judder of anticipation that runs through her entire body.

Now. Now it is time to announce your intention. 'I am going to spank you,' you hear your voice telling her and, still in her slightly-bent position, she looks back over her shoulder, her face a living, shifting question mark.

Are you joking? she wonders. Are you serious? Do you want to inflict genuine pain, to humiliate her? Do you despise her? Will you cause her real harm? Her eyes are eloquent, her lips mobile with silent queries. There is a tension in her body: should she dress and leave? Will you force her to submit? Is she in danger? The moment lasts an age; her eyes grow yet wider, fear is creeping in.

You kneel behind her and follow the outline of her briefs with your tongue. She stands upright, leaning back to receive your attentions, convincing herself she misheard you before, basking in the eroticism of your evident desire. Your lips kiss the stretched fabric, your hands grip the sides of her hips, the thumbs gently pressing into the aroused, sensitised swells.

She giggles softly, invitingly. She leans back further towards you, begging for further intimacy. Your hands grasp her buttocks, no longer gentle, stretching and crushing the fatty tissue until it shows pink through the gauze of

her pants. Unbidden, she unhooks her bra and removes it, desperate for liberation, to feel her body unencumbered and free to absorb your attentions. Her legs spread in silently obvious invitation and you know the moment has arrived.

Sitting swiftly, you yank her unceremoniously across your lap. She groans, realising you intend to carry out your original promise, too aroused to protest. Your hand comes down for the first glorious time and the sound echoes around the room, the physical shock tingling coldly through your palm and up to your shoulder. She is too curious about your behaviour and her



body's responses to react at first, but when your palm strikes a second time her hips are driven hard into one of your thighs, her breasts become crushed against the other and she gasps and shivers as though doused with iced water. A further slap leaves a visible palm-print at the join of buttock and thigh and the tangible heat moves through her, raising a fine film of perspiration along her spine.

And so it progresses. Each spank reddening her behind further, drawing increasingly vocal responses, causing her entire body to buck and jerk across your lap, to grind itself intimately into your thighs. She squirms, she gasps and utters half-formed sentences, pleading endearments, incomplete oaths. Yet at no time does she ask you to stop

or utter a cry of genuine protest. Her tone is one of curiosity rather than revulsion. She is yours: right now, you are in complete control of her destiny.

You may choose to remove her pants — partially or completely — or leave them in place. You may decide to conclude the spanking quickly and satisfy her (and yourself) with conventional sex, or you may continue to deal with her until you are both completely spent. The power is intoxicating, but it brings with it a responsibility you are unwilling to shirk. She must not be hurt and she must, in some way, derive pleasure from the experience. It may be the physical pleasure of caused by the sensation of heat and the unyielding proximity of your bodies. It may be the emotional pleasure of total submission, of relinquishing responsibility and letting you have full control over her body and emotions. It may be the pleasure of intimacy, of sharing a new experience with someone of importance in her life. It's largely up to you, and will be shaped to a great extent by your own tastes and motives.

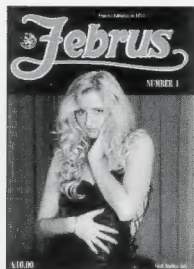
The spanking can be an end in itself, or you could choose to extend your control after your hand has stopped striking. You know now she will follow without question any instruction you issue. Whatever her instincts, if you tell her to stand with her hands at her sides or on her head while the after-effects of your spanking continue to nip and insinuate themselves into her over-stimulated nates, she will do so. If such is your wont, this is the time to deliver a speech about your expectations for her future conduct, to dictate the clothes she may or may not wear in your company, the occasions on which she may expect to receive further spankings and the variations that you may choose to introduce.

Using your judgment, you decide when it is time for reconciliation. The moment when, with cuddles and whispers, you talk about what has taken place, the impact it will have on your relationship, your fantasies. There will very probably be other times, wider boundaries, greater variety. But there will never again be this level of intimacy between you. ●

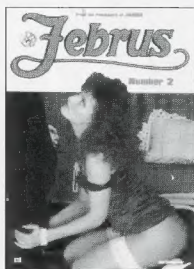


Februs SOMETHING NEW

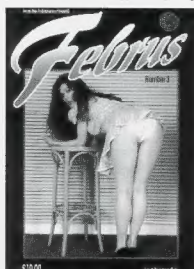
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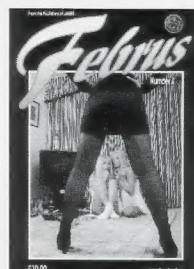
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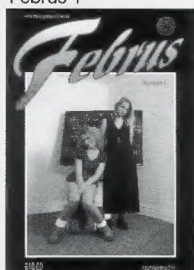
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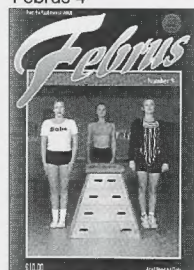
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